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Osterley Park.

Garter

The Tragicall & true Historie which happened
betweene two English Lovers.
The only other Copy known is at Britwell.

Gates (Bernard)
n
C.57.aa.35
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TI

TRAGICALL Historie which happened twene two English [illegible] 1563. written by Ber. Gar.

In aedibus Richardi Tottelli. Cum priuilegio.

BRITISH MUSEUM

To the



O
gouer-
der) hath
vved his manifolde
tes on sondry mẽ: vvh
by, as in endinge an
great or effectual enter-
prize manye are called
some for learning sake, some for knovvledge,
some for experience, and some for strength to
supporte the brunt of the charge: vvhiche all
tende to none other end, but to conclude the
matter determined vvith good effecte. Euen
so our sauiour Christ to saue man, (vvhich is
diuersly bent to go astraye) hath sent fourthe
his seueral instrumentes sundrye vvise to call
him. Principally by that inestimable ievvel his
infallible vvord, and the vvorthy learned prea
chers of the same, novv florishing. (God bee
praised therfore.) Othervvise by mẽ of knovv
ledge, seen in the liberal sciences, & so couert-
ly correcting vice by moralized sẽtẽces verye
expediẽt. Othervvise by some that hath tho-
rough folly fallẽ into daũgers & by his infinit
mercy (their madnes pceiued) returned: vvhi-
che doe frõ their ovvn experiẽce tell to frayle
youth such daũgerous succesſe in their fõd at-
tẽpts: as some therby are pvv aded, and leaue
their precogitate purpose. And othervvise by
those that vvil boldly begin, foliſhly follovv,
& vnaduisedly accõpliſh their itẽded ẽterpris:

m ſelues,throughe vn-
miſchief:terible exãples
alludeth none other thinge
o,terrour or examples,to knitt
ody of the Churche of God to the wor-
head therof,our ſauiour Chriſt.I am no di
ine,I would to god I were.To take vpon me
the name of learned,I dare not.Of experience
age vvill not let me ſpeake. But the tragicall
hiſtory folovving,may vvork a terrour to all
youth,raſhelye & of themſelues tatempt anye
thing.Note(louing frend) the matter ſucceeding is of tvvo Engliſh louers,both young:of lynage like ſubſtancial inough, maried by the parẽts conſent of equall troth in keeping the honorable bedde of matrimonye vndefyled, vvhat ſhould I ſaye? both vertuous & louing: & yet their doings not proſpering.I muſt thik good Reader, (but I leaue the iudgement to God)that he vvas offẽded, bycauſe they both at firſt ſight,raſhely,vnaduiſedly,vnknovven, & vvithout frendes conſent, durſt thrall themſelues in the deſire of vnclean luſt (but I muſt terme it cleanlye,Cupydes flamme)& did not call vpon God,for the metenes of the match, nor ſought parents conſent,till (had the ſame been neuer ſo vnmete)they muſt haue graunted.Or elles the loue growne from follye,and thought from loue, would haue wrought the louers endes. If thou bee a parent, that reades

this ſame, looke vigelantly to thy fr
leaſt there by thou worke thine ow as
in the ende of this hiſtory. If thou bee a childe (as thou art of what age ſoeuer thou be, thy parents or Guerdians lyuing) reade ouer the ſame, and think thine intent can bee none honeſter, then theirs that minded chaſt wedlock, thine entraunce no better, then by frendes cõſent, thy ſucceſſion no better then to win honour in the defence of thy prince and contry: but thy ende may bee better, then accuſed for treaſõ, faltles, to receiue thy mortall wound, or die, as he or ſhee did. Well, think that the falte was comitted at firſte beecauſe vvithout the feare of god and frendes conſentes craued in the beginninge, they durſt loue, and in themſelues contract mariage. And ſo conſequently, as the falt at firſt vvas done: the puniſhement at laſt vvas vvrought by him that leaueth nothing vnpuniſhed vvhich is not repented. Bevvare the like. I haue promiſed to ſet at large a thing of more effecte, and greater moment:, vvhich ſhal not long be behinde. But this haue I begoon vvith, as vvith an inſtrumet to vvhet my knife, to cutt my pen cleane to cauſe it to vvright the more pleaſantly, plainly, and profitably to the. Accept my good vvill, and ſtaye thy iudgement till thou knovve myne intent and deeme the beſt til then. Fare vvell.

Ber. Gar.

in the raged rocke, the vapours colde,
all effect, collects a waters course:
cke at first as scarce it dare be bolde,
to spread abrode, the new obteined source.
Ere lõg growē to som strength: abroade doth goe,
and sheweth it self to those that haue delight:
to see the same, although it can not so,
kepe on the course: for some that haue despight.
At last fedde by the hedde, from whence at furste,
it (weakely) came, finds fourth a channel depe:
and then though rancour swel, or Enuye burst,
the puysant source, the channel stil doth kepe.
And good for most, doth worke his own defēce:
not harming any of purpose or pretence.

Euen so my Muse.

FRom right dulled, and vnapproued brayne,
with hart amasde, and colour pale of hewe:
hath here set out, the doleful end of twayne,
that loued long, whose fates are yet to rewe.
If this attempt may scape the gnawing yelde,
of hateful spight, (not able to resist)
no doubt at all, there is, that she shal yelde:
When worthie woorks, her weaknes shal assiste.
Wherein she meants, ere longe to walke at large,
and then within that comely channel depe:
(This ended once) to take a greater charge,
and therin stil such decent order kepe:
As then a whit, she wil not doubt nor feare,
the cruel wight may let the passage heare.

Of this my Muse.

Thargument.

By soddeyn sight, loue hath enflamed twaine,
And both do yelde. At last by frendes consent
they maried are: their restles mindes content.
then hated warres, eftsones renewes their paine
where to he goeth: and they feele both againe,
vnrest. But he for vertue made a knight
meanes to retourne, and then a naughtie wight,
laies treasons guilte, who for his hire is slaine
In Combate fyght: which did that Traitor craue
and eke (alas) the gentle knight hath found
in his defence, that brought him to his graue.
which knowen, of life his ladye doth confounde.
Her mother dieth, that dolful chaunce to spie:
her Father lyueth: but wisheth still to die.

Wer. Garter.



WHen that the bouſterous Boreas,
And hiemps hoary froſt:
By iuſt returne of lady Ver,
their pinching power had loſt:
That lady ſtayde the fyne of March.
in comely courſe and hewe:
And left her ſeat to Eſtas then,
and bad the Pryme adewe.
Then Aprill entred in by kinde,
with ſweete and ſugred ſtreames:
And dayly deat the earth againe,
through aide of Phebus beames.
Then Tellus ſeemed to trimme her tyre,
to welcome Eſtas gaye,
Eche fragrant flower freſhly ſmelles:
and in leapes luſty Maye.
Wherein eche thing doth ioy by right,
that kinde hath wrought by byrth,
And alſo thoſe that creſſiue are:
as Trees and rootes in earth.
Who then hath power or ſtrength at all:
what is it that hath might:
But Ioyouſly, wil ſhew it ſelfe:
as nature geues delight.
In this ſweete moneth a virgin faire,
by birth of gentle blood:

Her

Her beauty formed passing well,
Her stature tall and good:
In whom no shape at all did want,
that harte or Iee might seeke
Ne could Appelles for his life,
depaint or drawe the like.
Whose youth sent forth her liuely hart,
with such a princely pace:
As none that saw her but must iudge
she came of worthy race,
Her eyen was tryme, yet sober too,
Not common in these daies:
Of all the rest who sawe her then,
did iudge her worthy praise.
This peece, before Pigmalion
her like could graue or carue:
Though he were liuing now againe,
tenne thowsand times would starue.
Aboutes the fieldes with equall Feeres,
in decent order set:
As if Diana had been theare:
a comely course did fet.
Wherein (by chaunce) a worthy wight,
did salue her in that place:
Their ioye and iesture both were such:
none had the better grace.
A man he was in age but yong
of state both bigge and tall:

A face he had effeminate,
scant any beard at all.
In whome there wanted not a thing,
that kinde could shape or geue:
Faire Absolon could neuer dy,
so long as he did liue.
And nature gaue to him a grace,
so sober and so trimme:
As who so did delight a man,
must needes delight in him.
A worlde it is to see how farre,
some other some excell:
Scant Tullyes stile, not my rude pen,
the difference can tell.
But groase shalbe my Simile,
since eloquence I lack:
He passed more the common sorte,
Then white excelleth black.
Yet as they met they parted tho,
Their gesture saide farewell:
Their faces shewed their fansies pleasde
no worde betweene them fell.
The mayde kept on her steling steps
so did her mates eche one
The yong man fet a soking sigh,
his hart was almost gone.
Alas what hap haue I (saide he):
what meanes this sodein stroke:

Oh Cupide nowe, thy dreadfull Darte:
my craised corps hath broke.
His ruddy cheekes were chaunged pale,
he pluckte his bonet lowe:
He mused much, that he should loue,
the wight he did not knowe.
Nor where she dwelt, nor whence she came
nor any of her kinde:
Nor yet what way her course she bent,
nor where her home to finde.
Oh cruell boy that thus should strike,
and bring him into thrall,
That was not yet an houre agoe,
the freest man of all.
He seemed now, to wring his handes,
that earst did feele no greefe:
And homewarde gate with quaking steps
deuoided of releefe.
Then Phebus gan shut vp his beames
then darknes made it night,
Then pleasures none at all were seene,
but by the candell lyght.
And then this faire and famous dame,
thought time to go to bed.
Where flowing fancies followed her,
renewing in her hedde,
What wight he was that should salute
her in this comely wise.

She beate her braine, and of that man,
she laye and did deuise.
And viewing in her waking bed
his gesture and his face,
His comely shape did bruse her brest
and fancy found him grace.
What wants in him (quod she) that I
this present day haue seene,
Are not his vertues wonderous
his yeres fresh and greene,
Right happy were the dame in deede
that might obtaine the grace,
In wedded bedde and folded armes,
thy body to embrace.
With that shee sought to sett aside,
such fansies and to sleepe,
But Venus sparkes, which grow full greate
gan towardes her hart to creepe.
And Cupide caught his bow in hand.
and drewe the string so farre,
As losed once, the shaft and hedde
against her hart did Jarre.
Than looking vp, she sawe that none,
was in her chamber by,
She felt what stroke shee had receiued,
no sleepe could touch her eye.
Then came she vnto Venus thrall,
and thus began to pray.

Most

Most mighty goddesse of them all
geue eare what I shal saye.
I am become thy seruant that
before did neuer loue:
Such feruent force, thy sonne hath vsde
on mee his power to proue.
What conquest shal he get by this,
Though I through sorow dye.
No praise at all: thus on a wretch,
his force and power to trie.
But if thou wilt cause this thy sonne,
againe his bowe to bende
And with the same with equall force,
an other arrow sende,
Into his hart, within whose breste
my hart doth rest and shall
Then wil I say thou art a iudge,
and iustest Iudge of all.
So, lying shal I him atteine:
or elles we both shall dye:
Or at the least he shal not laugh
when care doth cause me crye.
Thus lay she waking all the night.
He spendes his time in teares.
Thei both are stricken with one dart,
The one, the other feares.
He doubtes of her, she feareth him,
See here of loue the fource:

Yet want of knowledge sunders them
they can haue no recourse.
The weary night weares thus away
Auroza shewes her light
Ye leaues his bedde, he walkes abroade
Of her to haue a sight.
No gate he sees, but he lookes in
No windowe wantes his Eye
No Lane, no Streate, no Place at al.
wherein he doth not prie.
And walking thus from Morne to night.
and foodles roming soe:
Retournes into the restles bedde,
repleate with care and woe.
The lady as her loue doth mourne,
so likewise mourneth shee:
Her stomake fades, her flesh doth fall.
she is as sicke as hee.
The mothers marke the daughters plight
with sorowe of her mynde:
And of the sicknes of the chylde,
she seekes the cause to fynde.
But secrete couert loue (alas)
so perceth flesh and fell:
As death might breake her hart, but shee,
those secretes, would not tell.
Her mother who had once been yong
and felt of Cupydes sting:

Did feede her childe, with tender woordes,
and poysing euerye thing.
Mine owne (quoth she) disclose thine harte,
and roote of this thy griefe,
To hidden sores, the sickemans talke
must bring the first relieue.
To worke on thee by medcines arte,
before thy cause be knowne,
Thy death, my bayne, thy fathers fall,
together should be sowen.
Thou art my chylde, and from my lyfe,
thy lyfe did first proceede,
Oh seeke not then by sylence thus,
to shred my fatall thread.
Faire chylde, (and then she kist her mouth,
her teares did moist the grownd
Disclose thy griefe, least lack of talke,
thy mothers ioyes confound.
Why weepest thou: oh why dost thou weep:
Redoublig thus my woo,
The mayde lookt vp, but could not speake
a traunce did take her so.
The dolefull dame calse forth the Nurse,
who first did weane the childe,
And stryuing both the lothesome life,
the sence againe doth yeld.
And then with heauy hart and teares,
she leaues her daughter so,

And with right wofull wailing sobbes
vnto her spouse doth goe.
Oh sir (quod shee) so long as we
haue liud together here:
So iust a cause did not compell
my griefe and griping cheare.
Our daughter man, our onely ioye,
and Iuell of our age,
With sickness is ful sore oppress,
eche part of her doth rage.
And mortally I feare and doubt,
She stroken is with death,
So pale so wanne her visage is,
so short she draweth her breath.
The father who did tender her,
a man both sage and wise,
Saide to his wife, then for her helth
some meane we must deuise.
And not thus rage as you begin,
it tokeneth little wit:
And to our state and hory heares,
a thing right farre vnfit.
Go to her yet with good aduise,
and geue her time to pawse,
Marke when her paine doth grieue her least,
then learne thereof the cause.
The mother who already had
endeuored with her might,

As you haue heard, of this her griefe
to knowe the cause aright:
To go againe was half dismaide,
it greued much her myndе.
But yet to please her husband with,
an errande she did finde.
And coming to the chamber where
her daughter sick did lye
A thowsand couert meanes she saught
the roote thereof to spye.
Her skilfull tongue with smiling talke
saide to her daughter then:
Dee here thy mother, how she cares,
to helpe the what shee can
That thou art sick, to trew it is
the cause thereof disclose:
Tell me thy griefe my darling deare,
some trust in mee repose.
Dr if the roote of this thy care
from thee doth hidden lye
The maner of thy painful pangues
to me with speede discrie.
The daughter vielde ỹ mothers face
which cloase by her did stande:
She threwe her arme out of the bedde
and tooke her by the hand.
Oh you from whence this corps of myne
(saio shee) did take reliefe:

Non lenger wil I hide from you
the maner of my greefe.
Such ardent heate doth bourne my harte,
as it is parching drye,
And floodes of filthy frosen Ice
enrowndes it by and by.
Thus hot, thus colde, thus drye, thus drowned
I lye heare in my bedde:
Lo heare you knowe my griefe, and yet,
I nere the better spedde.
But how I came by this disease
the lorde (not I) doth knowe
Content you then, your daughters mouth
no more to you can showe.
With that the virgin tournd her self
she sighed very sore:
Her wordes did falter in her mouthe,
her tongue could talke no more.
What heapes of griefe the mother felt
in hearing this discourse
Deeme you that parents are by kinde
with pitie and remorse.
And if that she poore hart (alas)
was drownd in sorow than
Note that it was a mothers part:
who therefore blame her can?
But she ful warely did witholde
her secrete hidden griefe

Her inwarde care she couered still
She sought her childes releefe,
And spake thus to the aged Nurse:
my true approued frende
In whome I haue affied most,
and will vntill myne ende,
My daughter and your darling deare,
of trust to you I leaue,
Of trust againe with all my harte
good nurse do her receaue.
Nurse thou art olde, and I not yonge,
what thinkst thou her disease:
What best is for her appetite:
What will her fancy please:
Madame (quod she) if age and wit,
were equal in my braine,
This your demaund could I disclose,
and ease your daughters paine:
But age to much, to lytle wit,
in woman olde wee fynde:
But since it pleased you to aske,
I will disclose my mynde.
I feare that least the sparkes of loue,
are kindled in her breast:
And then (swete hart) the lord doth know,
how sore she is oppress.
Then must be learnd some waies wt whome
she so be wrapped is,

And

And warely must you graunt or not,
take good aduise in this.
For if she be in Cupides thrall,
As you and I wote neare,
(Then is she in her golden prime,
of age full sixtene yeare)
And hauing chose her selfe a mate,
and doubting your good will,
The dolefull doubt within her breast,
may sone your daughter spill.
Therfore a meane there must be found,
by some that she loues well,
That may prouoke by circumstance
her all her mynde to tell.
Which thing by her once uttered,
and to your wisedome knowne.
Then of the herbes to cuer her,
the seedes are surely sowne.
Good Lady blame not myne aduise,
loue causeth me to speake,
And only loue and your request,
makes me my mynde to breake.
And one precept (if I may tearme
my foolish sentence so,
Take from my mouth, and marke it well
before you from me goe.
If you do like the choise that she
vnto her selfe hath made:

To graunt it then you neede the lesse
to doubt or be afraide.
But if the match be so vnmete,
as she may chaunce repent.
Yet may you not in rigrous sorte,
denye her your consent.
For as the fallyng drops of rayne,
which from the gutters gone:
In length of time and falling ofte,
doth pearse the marble stone,
That els by sodeine seas or floods,
ne mighty streames at furst:
By rigour nor by force at all
would yelde it selfe to burst:
So wise men haue long time of loue,
the like oppinion helde:
That loue in time mai be repressed,
But wil not bee expelde.
Lo here, you here my fond aduise
my small approued skill:
Accept it as a womans tale,
proceeding of good will.
And as you leaue with me your childe,
So I the same receaue:
And that no thing shal want in me,
I trust you shal perceaue.
I geue thee thanks good gentle Nurse
for this thy sound aduise:

Ther

Thereby I trust my daughters health,
my ioye and all shall rise.
And vnto your discretion,
to know my daughters mind:
I leaue the order and the waies
some perfect meanes to finde.
Herewith the mother goeth awaye
the nurse sittes by the chylde,
The nurse is growne an oratrice,
her tongue is smothly fielde.
The maide lookes vp the nurse it spies
Oh sweete hart saieth she than:
That God once sende you quiet health
that helpeth euery man.
Commaund euen what you may deuise:
your hed or hart to please:
What nurse (quod she) do holde your tongue
your talke doth me disease.
Lesse woordes to her that is so sicke
and much more quiet rest
(We thinke your age should teach you wit)
that, for my state were best.
The nurse thus nipped to the brayne
she had no woord to saye:
A sobbing sigh the mother fette,
and tournde her hed a waye.
Howe all the while the maiden thus
with pangues lay sore distrest.

Her loue (that ſecond Troylus)
was neare the leſſe oppreſt.
But all effebled was his ſtrength
his mirth was growne to mone,
His fleſh was fallen, his ioints were weake,
he could ſcant ryſe alone.
Yet euery day in order dewe
by ſtarry light he roaſe:
And ceaſed not to ſeeke his chaunce
till night the day did cloaſe.
Who firſt had ſeene ſo faire a face
and now ſeene him againe
Had been his harte more hard then flynt,
muſt yet bewaile his paine.
For they that loue, do knowe (elles none)
the heat of Cupides fire:
And loue can ſee, & none but loue
this dolfull mans deſire.
Who, for to caſe his heauy harte
his lute would oft aſſaye
Yet, ere his fingers, paſt ẏ fretes,
he knewe not what to playe.
Then would he proue, by wonted boyce
ſome ſollemne ſong to ſinge:
The notes wherein he wont reioice,
doth nowe but ſorow bring.
Then forth his quiuer would he take
and laye to bende his Bowe,

Where-

Wherof the string he could not stirre
his strength was brought so lowe.
Then of eche thing he had delight
he called to his minde:
But al his ioyes did tourne to greefe
no comforte could he finde:
For that which earst in other cares
did moue him some delight
In this his greatest greefe of all
did worke him most despight.
Thus when he saw that euery hap,
wherein hee wont to ioye:
Was now conuerted to mishap
and Fortune lookt acroye:
And that his life was nigh foredoon
and had no helth at al:
He thought to proue by medecins art,
what might to him befall:
And to his frende a man experte
a Doctour in that arte:
He gat him then in secret wise
and thus disclosde his hart.
A man I was of late (quoth he)
and past my time in sporte:
As fits my youthful yeares yet
though cares do cut me shorte:
A blisseful life I led a while,
I had that did me please:

So haue I now but what alas:
that may me most disease,
In covert wordes this could I couche
my griefe, and so to proue
Your skil: but what auailethe that,
my siknes came through loue.
But whom I loue, or what she is,
the gods not I can shewe:
A heauenly thing vnmete for me,
I think she bee to know.
And where I saw her once in dede,
(my witts do serue so wel)
Or dreamde of her, I stand in doubt,
of truth I cannot tell.
But this I knowe, alas and shall
by dreame or els by dede:
I that of late was like a man,
and now become a weade:
In sleape, nay: slomber as I lye,
I see her face to face to face:
I goe to her with louing chere,
to me she comes apace
I craue her loue: she graunts it me,
her hart I do desire,
I geue to her my hart and that
is al she doth require.
The matche is made, we clap our hands
she is my wedded wife:

I wake with ioye and finde her not
I then repent my life,
The seeming ioyes within my slepe,
doth growe to perfect care,
My brackish teares do wet my cheeks
and sorrow is my fare.
Like loues as I within my slepe,
could neuer louer tell,
Like paines to mine, when I do wake,
were neuer felt in hell.
This is my griefe, and I of it
do fele the passing smart,
Do help me now if thou canst,
I haue disclosde my hart.
Or if without recouery,
thou iudgest this my woe:
To rid my life prepare some thing,
and geue me ere I goe.
And al the substance that I haue,
I geue the for thine hire:
Saue vnto her my hart I yelde,
whose hart I do desire.
And when that I am dead and gone,
this onely do I craue:
This Epitaphe that thou wouldest write
in steele vppon my graue.
Not Troylus lieth here (god knoweth)
that Cressed loud so well:

But

So haue I now but what alas:
that may me moſt diſeaſe,
In couert wordes this could I couche
my griefe, and ſo to proue
Your ſkil: but what auailethe that,
my ſiknes came through loue.
But whom I loue, or what ſhe is,
the gods not I can ſhewe:
A heauenly thing vnmete for me,
I think ſhe bee to know.
And where I ſaw her once in dede,
(my witts do ſerue ſo wel)
Or dreamde of her, I ſtand in doubt,
of truth I cannot tell.
But this I knowe, alas and ſhall
by dreame or els by dede:
I that of late was like a man,
and now become a weade:
In ſleape, nay: ſlomber as I lye,
I ſee her face to face to face:
I goe to her with louing chere,
to me ſhe comes apace
I craue her loue: ſhe graunts it me,
her hart I do deſire,
I geue to her my hart and that
is al ſhe doth require.
The matche is made, we clap our hands
ſhe is my wedded wife:

I wake with ioye and finde her not
I then repent my life,
The seeming ioyes within my slepe,
doth growe to perfect care,
My brackish teares do wet my cheeks
and sorrow is my fare.
Like ioies as I within my slepe,
could neuer louer tell,
Like paines to mine, when I do wake,
were neuer felt in hell.
This is my griefe, and I of it
do fele the passing smart,
Do help me now if thou canst,
I haue disclosde my hart.
Or if without recouery,
thou iudgest this my woe:
To rid my life prepare some thing,
and geue me ere I goe.
And al the substance that I haue,
I geue the for thine hire:
Saue vnto her my hart I yelde,
whose hart I do desire.
And when that I am dead and gone,
this onely do I craue:
This Epitaphe that thou wouldest write
in steele vppon my graue.
Not Troylus lieth here (god knowveth)
that Cressed loud so vvell:

But

But here lyeth one that in tre vve loue,
did Troilus farre excell.
My Testamẽt thus haue I made
my frend thy cunning trye:
and els do help my heauy happe,
or graunt that I may dye.
Whiles in this rage, this worthye wight
stoode wringing of his fist,
One knocked at the Doctours dooze,
and euery thing was whist.
The latch was lose, a shade was sene
the dooze gan to vnfolde,
A woman entred in there at,
the Doctour thought her bolde.
She brought an vrin in her hand.
whereon she praide to know
The Doctours skill and eke that he
some way to helth would shew.
Faire wife (quod he) stay here a while
while I do with my frende,
conclude our matter now begonne,
which almost is at ende:
And then wherin mine arte and I,
may satisfie your minde,
That in me is to doe you good,
right reddy shall you finde.
And then he saide vnto the man,
ful straunge is your request,

content

Content you with your paine awhyle.
and I wil do my best.
To morow come to me againe,
Do follow mine aduise,
Thereby I trust your sore shal swage,
your helth again shal rise.
Till then set fansies cleane aside,
Let trouble not your hedde,
Endeuour to the most you may,
to rest in quiet bedde.
The louer thus left of his talke,
He gate him thence alone,
His wery legges did bow for faint,
his heauye hart did grone.
What heaps of griefe he felt this night,
no louer but may gesse:
But I because they moue my teares
the same do here represse.
Then to the Doctour doth the Nurse
present the vrine thoe,
And to his closet, from the hall,
the Nurse and he doth goe.
and after certaine words he takes
the vrinall in hande,
She praieth by his learning that
the vrine might be scand.
With persing eie & skilful braine,
he doth the state peruse:

He warmes it by the fire againe,
in paines he doth refuse:
And vieuing euery circle there,
did note the substaunce to,
and could not finde that needed ought
for Phisickes art to do.
But skilful learned men can oft
by circumstance preuaile:
And cause the rude Prepositor
to aske, and tell the tale.
Dame quod the Doctour to the Nurse,
I think it be your will:
And eke the cause why you did come,
to know herein my skil.
Note, of the corps of euery wight,
both femmyne and male:
A thousande secret maladies,
the inward parts assaile:
Which at the first this famous arte,
that I do here profesle,
By certain rules infallible,
doth geue a certaine; gesse.
As when the lightes, the longes or splene,
or els the noble harte:
The kydneis, raines or to bee short,
what other inward parte,
For lacke of moisture sicate war,
through moisture els do rot.

(For

(For raging griefe in man is not
but eyther colde or whot)
Then by the ſickmans vryn ſtraight
expert men haue a rule:
(As I) I ſpeake not boſtingly,
by practiſe and by ſcoole.
Wherby wee knowe what inwardly
within the corps doth raigne,
Wherof procedes the maladye,
what eke will eaſe the paine.
The Elementes are fower, whereof
we mortal men are made,
And contraries they be echo one
as iuſtly may be ſaide:
As fyre, water, earth, and aire,
wherof if one abounde,
Aboue the reſt: then in the corps
no perfect helth is found.
Thus twiſe twoe are the Elementes,
three principalles againe,
Ther is in man to wit, his hart,
his liuour, and his braine.
Now euery chiefe and princelye parte
which principalles we call:
To pourging place haue of right,
to pourge them ſelues withall
The braine behind the ſickmans eare,
doth pourge his ſecret griefe,

The

The hart dothe through the armeholes sends
grose humors for reliefe.
The liuour soms what lower stopes
and sendeth to the grindes,
That noysome to the blood, or els
vnto it selfe it findes.
And hereupon is found the rule,
that we Phisitions vse,
The circumstaunce within this state,
I perfectly pervse.
But oft when naught but perfect health,
is seene within the state,
Death is become vnto the sicke,
A felow walking mate.
And there fore we that learned be
professing Phisickes arte,
Do iudge when least is seene in state
that most doth gripe the hart.
Of troth then said the Vrsse to him,
of all that ere I herde,
Your knowledge doth surmount the rest,
your cunning is preferde.
For as you, say the silly wenche
that did this water make,
Would seeme as shee no sicknes had
and yet doth neuer slake
Her panges, her paines, her freting fits,
her depe and deadly smarte:

Which

Which wil ere long, in ſonder ſhred
her yong and tender hart.
And if it be not ſparks of loue,
that dothe the ſame poſſeſſe,
What it ſhould be I promiſe you,
I haue no witt to geſſe.
Nurſſe quod the Doctour you haue tolde
that I did meane to tell,
You ſhew a ſkilful aged hed,
I like your wordes ful well.
Her byrth ſhewth ſhe is but yong,
and youth doth worke by kinde,
That youth from youth vnto it ſelfe,
a youthlye mate ſhould finde.
Then mean you not quod aged Nurſſe,
to geue her ſome receate,
Of theſe her pangues, and burning plague
to cole the fretting heat.
No Nurſſe, loue neuer yet did burne
with heat of ſuche effecte:
But colde fourth with the Patients harte
as ſtraungely did infecte.
Then if to quenche your burning heate,
colde ſurops I ſhould geue,
When courſe doth come by colde ye knowe,
how ſhould ſhe longer liue?
What then is your aduice? (quod ſhe)
a remedy to fynde,

Nought els but that you suffer her,
in rage to haue her myndc,
Nor do you alter what she saith,
where it be wrong or right,
But feede her fansy still that ways
wherein she doth delight.
Whereby I trust in time her health
to her againe shal grow:
If not (good Nurse) this is my house,
let me the daunger know,
And I besides these fixed rules,
perchaunce, some way can finde:
But Nurse you know not all at first,
some shal remaine behynde.
Nurse bolweth now the croked knee,
Nurse geues the Doctour thankes:
Nurse homewards packes with better chere
and to her Lady prankes.
And I dare saye that in seuen yeare,
which passed last before:
The silly Nurse applied her not
to study any more:
Then now she ginnes to doe (poore soule)
in these her latter daies:
To sette the Doctours conning out,
and geue him worthy praise.
The gentlewoman olde (god wot)
that staide her coming home,

Tooke

Tooke griefe because the Nurse did leaue
her childe so long alone.
And looking out did spie from farre
the fast vnwonted pace,
Of aged Nurse, she could not choose,
but muse at it a space.
Which when she sawe she did reiect
her first conceiued collour:
And gaue good eare to beldame Nurse
now sworne the Doctours scollour.
Nurse gladly would haue tolde the tale,
which earst she did pretende,
But that with hast, her breth made short
her sentence would not ende:
Which oft begon not ended tale,
did much the Lady slight:
Who saide, good Nurse take time ynough,
begin thy tale aright.
These passions which I see in thee,
that trip thy tongue so sore,
Do double still my sorow, and
do make my griefe the more.
Good Lady (yet with shaking voice)
the Nurse beganne to saye:
Mourne not at all, all shalbe well,
this is a happy day.
I haue been with the skilfulst man,
that euer learning taught:

Who at the first (the water seen)
your daughters griefe hath saught,
And saith that other malady
is in her body none,
but Cupids dart (I wene he said)
it was that made her mone.
I craude of him some remedy,
of it to kill the fyre,
He said that quiet gouernement,
would soonest quench that fyre.
If not, he charge in any wise,
I should retourne againe,
And he by Phisike, or some arte,
would quench her raging pain.
This is the some let me alone,
your daughter yet to rule,
For I am growne the contynger,
by seeing Phisikes scoole.
The mother which to heare these newes,
with ioy was fully fraight:
(Her crayled childe left with the Nurse)
went to her husband straight.
To whome she wisely opened
the dolour of the maide,
In all that euer shee could see,
or was by Phisike saide.
To whom also the vryn was
by Nurse committed to,

What

What diet was prescribed, and
what els he ment to doe.
Then to the doctour in the morne,
to send was his request,
This was the fathers own deuyce,
this pleside the mother best.
Thus now the day is spent and gone,
The doctour goeth to bedde,
Where like a frende the sickmans sore
he calleth to his hedde.
And altogether hee doth not
forget the maidens state,
Because his frendes, & her disease
were both of equall rate.
And calling to his memory
the yong mans wofull race:
Wherein he had most rufully
abode nigh ten wekes space:
What torments & what tossing fits,
his frend lay tombling in
His brackish floodes fel frō his eyes,
and so embzewd his chin.
Whereby he shewde his nature good,
and how he would haue borne
His neighbours crosse, for care whereof
his beard he would haue torne.
But reason stept before his will
aduising him to take:

What way that best might helpe his frende
and so his sorow slacke.
And not to cast away the man
that elles could not recure:
In doing to him selfe this wrong
which he would nowe procure.
To reason wisely he did yelde
and vowed he would not shrinke
But that he would to aide his frende
do all that he might think.
Then calde he to his mynde the tale
that reason did him tell:
And eke the dolour of the mayde
he marked very well.
Perchaunce it is the will of god
(quod he) that I should doe:
That which he chargeth no man els
in copling of these two
He loueth more then feruently
but whome he doth not knowe:
She tastes of loue as bitterly,
towardes whom she cannot showe.
A likelyhood by this appeares,
I can none other deeme,
But that the one to others vse
is kept I must erteeme.
Thus tossing still his troubled braine
to worke his neighbors helth:

Dame nature sent out subtil slepe,
which caught his hart by stelth.
And then within two howers space
faire Lucifer the starre
Which plainly telth to euery thing
Auroza is not farre:
Gan gloziously to deck & shewe
her self within the skies:
Which he that long had watcht foz it,
(the ardent louer) spies.
And herwithal he starteth vp,
and clothd him self so fast:
As to the doctours house he runnes
his poinys vntrust foz hast.
He gaspeth then, his breth was shoze
he would haue knoct at doze
But hast had made his members faint
he had thereto no power.
But when his strength and memozy
retourned back againe,
He waseth not the doctours rest
ne yet regardes his paine:
But throughe a broken quarell that
he in the windowe spyed:
Awake (alas) your frinde is heare,
he to the doctour cried.
Who forthwith roase and let him in
and shewed a frindly face:

As friendly is to comforte frindes
in such distressfull case.
Oh louing frind the sickman saide
eche thing doth worke me spite,
How much aboue all natures course
hath been this yerksome night:
I thinke the signes & planets to
and all and euery starre
Which in the ayre are fixt or moue
against my life to warre.
And yet vnhappy hated lyfe
that from me wil not flye,
And cursed art thou cruel death
that wilt not let me dye.
And cursed to I claime the time
wherein beginning was:
Of spousall twixt my parents, and
did after come to passe.
But be you cursed euermore
and hateful to the earth:
The day of my natiuitie
the howre of my byrth.
In which if that the liuing lorde
should iustice do aright:
No Sunne nor Mone, should shew it selfe,
No starre nor other light.
How good had nature bene to mee
If borne I had been dead:

Or stopped had my wesen been
when first I tasted breade,
Or when my feeble fingers first,
did touche or handle knife:
How cursed was mine arme alas
it did not rid my lyfe.
Why graunted not my fortune foule
a Cockatrice had been.
Apresent to my tender sight
the first that it had seen.
Why not amonges the Caniballes
were spent my yeares freshe
who in my sickenes would haue kild
me and haue eat my flesshe:
Or elles amonges the tyrant Turks
I had been captiue caught:
And then that dolour and that griefe
had now my quiet wraught.
The poets fayne, in heauy hell
sometime is quiet rest:
But I in earth from time to time,
am more and more oppress.
Why Venus, art thou cruel blinde:
or seing wilt not see:
Or sitst thou still and laugheste at
the wrong thou dost to mee.
Or dooth thy cruell sonne and thou
together both conclude:

In hating yong mens quiet state
their sences to delude:
What stay (quod the Phisition)
what meanes your frantique braine:
What booteth this vndecent talke:
what easeth it your paine.
So long haue I geuen eare to you
as doutful was my minde
Wher you of humain nature were
or elles of brewtish kinde.
Is ther no god at all thinke you:
how do you banne and curse:
Or do you think in him is not
tamende or make you worse:
But if you cannot pacifie
your rigour and your thrall,
Do seke some other frends aduice
come not to me at al.
I ioy to see your helthful blisse
I greue to see your paine:
And shortly hope recouerye
shal yet retourne againe,
Yf you can take this quietly
til God do send you rest:
He turneth alwaies commonlye
the hardest to the best.
And where you iudge that in the world
none hath so hard a hap,

What is there any alwaies may
sit in good Fortunes lap,
No happie is that man, & blest
at last that may aspire
And after many troubled daies
obteine his hartes desire.
Your tender yeares cannot gesse
how farre it is vnmeete,
For willes youth before ỳ sowre
to feele, or tast the swete.
What Iuel doth a man esteeme
that he doth lightly get,
Somuch as that by endles cost
and trauaile he doth fet:
Or what is that, which easelye
comes to a man alone
But that againe, as sodeinly
doth pas away anone.
Marke wel, and way within your hedde
that hard obteined grace
For euer cleaueth to a man
to death wil geue no place.
How much then are you bound to God
that worketh for the nones:
That all your cares together come
to ende your greeues at once.
Content your careful hart awhile,
within a month and lesse:

On

On my reproue, I warrant you
Your cares shal turn to blesse.
And he shal graũt you your desire
so that you serue him well:
And al the greses that gripe you now
wil vtterly expell.
The louers plantes were watered
in ioy of this deuice
He yelded him both hand and harte
vnto his frends aduice.
Reiecting of his solly cleane
and womanly complaint
And hoping after good successe
which long had had restraint.
Thus talke, which makes ỹ time seme shor
doth driue the time awaye:
The starres beginnes to hide themselues
it wareth perfect day.
The Doctour shakes of sluggish slepe
and geues him selfe to rise
And willes the yong man laye him downe
and follow his aduice.
A quiet slepe perchãce may catch
your to much troubled hedde:
Unrestful men sometime take rest
in vnacquainted bedde.
To bed he goeth warm couered,
and falleth straight aslepe:

The Doctour leaues the sleping soule
vnto the lorde to kepe.
Perchaunce the hope of blissful ioyes
which he did trust should come
Did cause this swete & sodeine slepe
through al his powers to ronne.
Perchaunce it was the sodein ioy
that warmde his hart and brest
And other parts, that weare halfe deade
and brought them so to rest.
Perchaunce the new vnwonted ioy:
that now was in his braine
Did cause this sound & restful slepe
through want of wonted payne.
But likest is that nature would
to shew her power geue rest
To him that not in thre monthes space
did slepe in quiet nest:
I leaue the cause to learned men,
that therein haue more skill
And to the matter I beganne,
I must retourne and will.
The Doctour leaues the sick asleepe
and glad he is therefore:
He stealeth from his chambre, and
he standeth at his dore.
Where scantly he had tarried
the eight part of an howre,

But

But aged Nurse he spied from farre
come from her maisters bower.
Which thing he would not seme to se
he lookt an other waye:
Til Nurse with curtesies two or thre
gan to the Doctour say,
Your good aduice (good gentle sir)
that you to me did tell:
My maister and my lady bothe
through me perceiue it wel.
And wish that they had long ago
sought out your dwelling place:
your counsel and your learned helpe
to ease the wofull race:
That she these three months space hath rõne
of whom you saw the state:
But now good folke they deme with teares,
your cunning comes to late.
And I haue cause to sobbe and wayle
asmuch as anye shee
Because her never parting pain
my weeping eies do see.
This night (alas) this wicked night,
I thought her hart would breake
For sounding sighes, and soking sobbes
nolde suffer her to speake:
But lie and wepe, whose tender teares
haue so embrewd her chekes:

As Hellins husbands neuer was,
the dolefullst of the Grekes.
Now scarcely can she drawe her wynde
and by and by she cries:
s though she ment thereby to perce
the high and hugie Skies.
The racking of her sprites therewith
doth seme to rent her hert:
And I poore soule (aye me alas)
loke when she should depart.
But this cauſde not my cumming now
my maister doth requyre,
And that you would come see the sicke
with hart he doth desire.
Good Nurse your maister may commaunde
I yelde me to his wil,
Ye shut his doze, and with the Nurse,
he goeth to proue his skil.
The Nurse doth bring him to the house,
she telles her maister straight:
and forth he comes & welcomes him
for whom he long did waight.
With sober words, & comely chere,
tone gretes the other then:
Their meting was not woman like,
they met like sober men.
The fathers fained chere, not straight
shewed forth his inward griefe;

Nor by and by he wailde his child
his words were not so reefe:
But thus began his wittie talke.
now sirtene winters past:
Accõpting frõ ẏ tenth of marche,
which was amonst vs last,
My dame gaue vp, and toke her leaue
of yong wines wished sute,
And brought me out a daughter, as
the ende of al her frute.
In whom I ioyed very much,
I had no whench before:
But for her grace, and vertues sake,
I ioyed muche the more:
Yet sonnes I had, that might haue proued
goo[illegible] a solwer or fiue:
Der[illegible]h tooke them all, I was content
that she was left aliue.
In whom I ioyed for vertues sake
and parents duetye to:
As natures will becomes a lawe,
and forceth men to doe.
Now do you see, that god hath wilde,
such sate on me to fall,
She is become, my sonne, my heire,
mine onely childe and all.
And sicke she is, and very sicke,
the lord him selfe dothe knowe:

Your counsell and your help I craue,
your conning eke to shewe.
But what doth meane my witlesse woordes:
why do we lingring stand:
Ye wilde the Doctour walke with him,
and lead him by the hand,
Into a chamber princely deckt,
yet wonderous cloase & tyght:
So as the watchers had their willes
to haue it darke or light.
There laye the heauy pensiue childe,
there sat the mother sadde:
There wanted naught, by money might
or frindship els be hadde.
And when the mother knew by Nurse,
and by her tatling talke,
That he the learned doctour was,
which with her spouse did walke:
She rose and left her wery stole
and did salute him then,
With such a welcome as was meete
to welcome frendly men.
Who could eftsones with equall grace,
salute the dame againe,
And also search, to shewe the Sire,
the daughters griefe and paine.
Her beating pulsies, he gan feele,
her temples and her feete,

And other such demonstratiues,
as apt he thought or meete.
And saide vnto the heauy maide,
Good hart thou art oppresst:
With painfull pangues and freting fits,
which god torne to the best.
Then to the parents both at once
the doctour gan to say,
Though I be bolde yet beare with me,
I pray you goe your waye:
And let me talke a little while
with this your childe alone,
Who will perchaunce the franker speake,
if that you both were gone.
They went, and he returned backe
to the diseased childe,
And tooke her by the hand againe
with countenaunce, very mylde,
And saide to her swete hart I see
your tomuch troubled braine
Wil not permit your tong to talke
without exceeding paine.
Therefore applye your eare to me,
which am your faithful frende,
though yet vnknowen, the truth shal trye
my travel in the ende,
And if you list that I shal saye,
the secretes that I see

ſome token that you are content,
vouch ſafe to ſhewe to mee.
With that ſhe lickt her parched lips,
and faintly did ſhe ſaye:
Good ſir ſpeake on your mynd to mee,
I know no cauſe of ſtaye.
Well then (quod he) I aike no moze,
but that you beare me talke,
And blame me when diſozderly,
my tongue oz wozde ſhal walke.
Yeare doth the ſubtell doctour nowe
tell fourth the ſickmans tale
And finding both their ſtates alike,
thinkes therby to pzeuaile.
Not yet (quod he) two daies agoe
this iollye auncient mate,
(Appointing to the aged Nurſſe)
did bring to me your ſtate,
Wheron my conning earneſtlye,
and learning I did pzoue,
I muſt be plaine, your ſtate did ſhew
your grief did growe by loue.
Then towards the cares continuãce,
I did adiect my mynde,
And that it was nigh three monthes olde,
my certeine rule did finde.
And ſearching by that argument,
the plannet and the daye,

I forthwith found (good Lady mine)
that in the midst of Maye:
By walke or talk, or otherwise,
you sought your most delight,
And therin lost your liberty,
by twinke or sodeine sight.
Now, if my rule be certeine still,
as it was wont be sure:
Confesse to me: and doubt you not,
I shal your paines recure.
This herde did set the senses soe
within the virgin odde:
As els she thought it was a dreame,
els thought she him a god.
Whose perfect persing eye and skill,
so could detect her wound:
And therewithal twixt ioy and care,
she fell into a sounde.
But he whose praised skill (god wot)
esteamd it of no weight:
Did almost vse no force at all,
yet did releue her streight.
And then with fired eye and face,
with colour pale and wanne,
With shaking flesh and quaking ioints,
her tale she thus beganne.
Take from my tasties mouth (saith she)
which is thrise double furde,

By meanes that not this fenightes ſpace,
no talke my tongue hath ſturde,
This feeble foolifh aunſwere, that
from ſuch a place ſhal fall:
Full rightly haue you told the truth,
my cauſe, my care and all.
And you that can by ſkill finde out
ſo ſecrete hidden griefe,
My thinkes againe your praiſed ſkill
may finde out my relefe.
Well ſaith the doctour ſince you haue
to mee diſcloaſde your hart,
Conceiue in mee no doubt at all,
for I will do my parte.
And this muche by my knowlege I
dare to you heare anowe,
That euery griefe which you haue felt,
ſhall turne to pleaſure nowe.
For fortune hath been much your frende,
the conſtellacions tell,
And he on whom you ſet your loue,
Loues you againe aſwell.
A man he is of noble blood
and hath eche lyngnament,
Of nature, and in fauour ſtandes,
of euery Elyment.
His father dead, hee is his heire,
and Fortunes darling to,

You blame your chaunce, and what can mor
good Fortune for you doe:
And if you will I wil diſcloſe
this to your parents ſight:
And you ſhall ſee your dearling to
this inſtant preſent night.
Would god (quoth ſhe) right chierfully,
that theſe your wordes were true:
Then of my long and pinching paine
at all I do not rue.
The Doctour called then the Nurſſe
in ſober wiſe and mylde,
And willes her praye the parents both,
come now and ſee their childe.
She runneth ſtraight they come in haſte,
no let doth cauſe them ſtaye,
And forthwith in the childes behalfe,
the Doctour gins to ſaye.
Good ſir in all extremities,
the cauſe muſt firſt be knowen:
And then with care and leſſer toile,
the griefe is ouerthrowne.
When I came firſt you ſaids to me,
one onely childe you had:
Whoſe languiſhing extremitie,
did make your hart full ſad.
You wild me know, and if I could,
the cauſe of her diſeaſe:

You wilde me vse my skilfulnes,
her pearsing paine to ease.
Thus haue I done, & this I aske
of you, as of my frinde.
To heare my tale, and graunt good will,
your daughters paine to end.
There is within this myle and lesse,
an heire that you do know:
Of noble blood, & worthy state,
his name I neede not shewe
Whose parents of continuance,
haue loued your parents long:
And you must loue the man againe,
or els you do him wrong.
He loues your daughter passing well
and she loue him againe,
And both they are extremely sick,
and loue doth cause the paine.
Your daughter you haue well brought vp,
at home she learnt to worke,
(As fits a maide,) but trauaile hath
shewed him both Iew and Turke.
His so dispended youthful daies,
did cause oblivion black,
By distaunce of the place and time,
their memories to racke:
And pul the face of tone of them
so farre from tothers sight,

As childish knowledge twirt them twaine,
was so deuoyded quight.
Yet was it equall chaunce to both,
at once to meete in fielde,
Where Cupydes stroke, vnknowne to them,
causde tone to other yelde:
Which done they both do get them home,
in this their ouerthrowe:
They loue (alas) and yet their loue
doth neither of them knowe.
This hath been griefe to both their hartes,
hereby they haue been tried,
Hereby their frindships and good willes,
both plaine and true is spied.
Hereon doth hang the helthful state,
and dolour of the mayde,
Hereon as on a prock or crutch,
the sick mans lyfe is stayde.
Which harde and when the parents sawe
whereto they both were bent:
The ioyed at the happy matche,
and gaue their cloase consent,
Although they warely did hold backe
their wordes within their bounde,
Least by their suddein ioye, their childe
might: suddein death haue founde.
And this saide to the doctour then,
We thank you for your talke,

and

And painful trauaile, and do pray
that he and you would walk,
At pleasure when you list to come
to this our simple home,
And welcomer then you shalbe
this day there liueth none.
And cause I would not haue you think.
but I your paines regarde,
Haue heare (quod he) here is fiue pounds
accept this small rewarde.
Now was the parents inwarde care,
some what in better rest,
The maiden late that curst her selfe,
doth think her fortune blest,
And other houshold talke was not,
within that house that daye,
But that the woer might him selfe
come, euery one doth praye.
Now are the seruaunts al and some,
calde forthe vnto theire charge,
Now to the beauty of the house,
eche thing is set at large.
Now doth the mother with the childe,
consult of euery thing,
And how they might best welcome him
that should the Doctour bring.
I leaue to tell the virgins ioy
the halfe I cannot thinke:

Muche

Muche lesse then can I speak the same
Or write with pen or yncke,
Did not Eneas stealing steps
wooyke to pooye Dido wyong:
Did not alas Penelope,
think her Ulisses long:
Then think the lady lenger thoughte
to see whom she loud best
Whose pyncely presence only might
perfourme her quiet rest.
The Doctor ỹ thus wrought his feat
with ioy retourned backe:
And doubted much the sickman shoulde
or this some solace lacke.
But when he came vnto his house
and chambre where he slept
And did perceiue that al this while
a quiet slepe him kept
He toke things odoryferous
such as hee did suppose
Were comfortable to the sick
and coucht them nere his nose.
And with such things as he thought meete
he made a messe of meat
Which he thought best was for the sick
when he did wake to eate.
And least that in vnwõted sleape
some daunger might be found

His

His cunning hands did take his Lute
and thereon gan to sounde.
The armonye whereof, and eke
the sauour sweete did make
The waight of slepe to beare awaye
and causde the sicke to wake.
The noyse did cause his eies loke vp
therewith he felt the smel
And thought him selfe in Paradise
they pleasd his powers so wel.
How now? quod the Phisition
haue I not done you wronge?
Or feele you not some iniurie
by sleaping ouer longe?
No, no, quod the distressed soule
I think that I was blest,
When firste throughe you and youre aduice
I laide me downe to rest.
And so I pray the liuing lord
From daunger you to kepe:
As I the more am quieted
by this my sugred slepe.
Oh, that my minde were quyeted
as this my body is:
Who then but I most happy mã
should fele most happy blisse?
First must you learne to creape (quod he)
then after must you goe

Then

Then after may you ride or rūne
the course of things are so.
First hath a quiet sleape refresht
your weake, and ydle brayne,
Now feede on this which I haue made
let not your stomake frayne
And consequently shall appeare
what paine and heauie plight
That I poore soule haue ventured
to bring you to delight.
The man as in a rage for ioy
conceiued suche a trust,
As first the broth & then ý meate
into his throte he thrust.
And therewith loking vp in haste
and gasping yet for wind
Saide to the Doctour spedelye:
now let me know thy minde.
You haue (quod the Phisition)
conceiued your greefe by loue,
By loue againe terpell the same
It is in you to proue.
Then would you not think al your time
to be erpended well:
To learne where she which hathe your har
doth at this instant dwell.
And therewithal to bring you so
into your ladies grace,

As frankly you may talke your mynde
vnto her face to face.
And that with ioy she ioyouslye
in you shonld take delight
Would not think you this blissefulnes
auoide your sicknes quight:
Thrise happie weare I happye man
to that then aunswered he
If that my mortal eies might ones
these happie tidinges see.
Then should I think my frendly fate
tercell, all others farre
And farther to then brightest sonne
dothe passe the darkest star.
Then would I say good fortune had
ones turnd her whele aboute
And plaste him equal with the best
that earst she had shut out.
The happy life of Priamus
before the siege of Troye
For aye should then be shaded quyte
by meanes of this my loye.
Then woulde I these so happy daies
aboue thase daies extoll
Wherein the happy Hercules
enioyde the Lady Coll.
Then Saturne put from princes throne
to prison and to paine:

And after set by Iupiter,
in kingly state againe:
Was not so high aduaunced yet
by fortune and her grace
Nor halfe so high as I should be
to see my ladies face.
What happy mã might euer say
that he had his desire:
So much as I, if I may to
my ladies loue aspire.
If that I might assuredly
so stand to fortunes grace
What wrong hath al my painefulnes
done me this quarters space.
None other but that sodein blisse,
should not my hart annoy.
Good fortune sent a preparatiue
to mittigate my ioy.
When in my dreadful dolour, and
the midſt of al my strife
My fortune faire hath sent to mee
my most desired life.
Wel then (quod the Phisition)
go put on some attyre
And come to me in comelye sorte
you shal haue your desire.
And then in token of the troth
that I to you profess,

I will not faile to shewe you her
I know that you loue best.
And that in such a decent sort
as can pursue none ill,
I meane with both the parents &
els, al the frends good wil.
Oh, happy heauenly Fortune ỹ
so sodeinly can chaunge:
Oh that thou canst so frendly be
and yet canst seme so strange.
Now he ỹ earst did curse himselfe
his fate and al did banne,
Of al the rest that liue and loye
accomptes him happiest man.
And he that as halfe buried,
went stoping to the grounde
Now as a courtly gentleman
in comely sort is founde.
Not roisting as the roisters vse
not gallant in the sight
Nor were his doings prodigall
ne yet in niggerdes plight.
Whiles in this comely cleanlynes
the louer thus was dressed,
The parẽts house was trimmed
the Doctour and the rest. (bppe
The sillie sicke releued dame
puttes on the same attire,

Whichs

Which she did weare, when Cupid firste
did set her hart on fire.
The mother that would trimmer haue
the daughter ganne to blame
For leuing of her better weedes
and doing on the same.
Nay mother, saieth the smiling childe,
sins thus I haue been tost
I wil finde out my libertie
in weedes that I it lost.
I do reserue your pleasure yet
and yelde me to your will:
Nay Daughter, at your libertie
do chaunge or were them stil.
The frolike father he comes in
He sees that all is well
Hark saith the mother whose at gate,
doth no man here the bell:
The aged Nurse ỹ stãds in hope
the wished gestes were come
Steps out before the rest apace
and to the gate doth ronne.
Wher when she sees the Doctour and
with him so trym a wight:
Right comly she saluts thẽ both
most ioyfull of that sight.
The maister was enquired for
within he was, she saide

That they might ſpeake with him forthwith
the learned doctour prayde.
Gon in the Nurſſe and telles the ſire,
and dame, what geſtes were there:
I come ſtraight way the father ſaith,
deſire them to come neare.
Now ſtandes the yong man amorous
in hope of his reliefe,
Though doubtful paſſions of the mynde
doth cheuer yet his teeth.
Downe comes the courtly gentleman,
and frendly doth embrace:
The Doctour and the woer to
and ſtaieth ſo a ſpace.
To whome the Doctour thus brake fourth:
the frendſhip and good cheare,
Which of your wourſhip I receiued
the laſt time I was heare:
Doth cauſe that I and this my frend
though to your coſt and paine,
Do fynde the meanes (I warrant you)
to viſite you againe.
Good cheare alas why ſay you ſo
you ſlaunder me ywis
But welcome are you both to mee
to ſuch cheare as it is.
Oh that the muſes which do dwell
on Hellicon the hill:

Or learned Pallas would ſtep fourth
to aide my forward will:
Or that the learned ſiſters three
which paſſe all other men:
Would take vppon them but a while
to guyde and rule my penne.
Then ſhould you heare how pleaſantly
in ſhort and ſugred verſe,
The paſſing ioyes of theſe two folke
my conning could rehearſe.
How to the mother aged Nurſſe
doth geue the man a praiſe
Aboue the reſt which w̄ her eies
ſhe ſawe in all her daies.
How that the mother, ere ſhe ſawe
the man, or ought was doon:
In token of her inwarde ioye
did name him for her ſonne.
How that the ſillie virgin coulde
no lenger time abyde,
But with her knife did piers a hole
where through her loue ſhe ſpied.
And then how many ſundry ioies
repleniſhed her hart,
And eke the yong mans bleſſful ſtate
before I would depart.
But ſince that in ſo ſurging Seas
I dare not hoyſe my ſale:

I must in baser sort (god wot)
tell fourth a rude mans tale.
Your welcome said the gentleman
much better is to mee,
Then golde, or els without the same,
the greatest cheare should be.
Thus curteous wordes, were spent apace:
emonges this frindly men:
and from the hall, the father wild
them to the parlour then.
Where was the aged gentlewoman
where sate her daughter to:
Where one embrast the other as
the maner is to doo.
Where as the father with the Nurse
of purpose gan to talke:
And towardes the aged mother doth
the Doctour gin to walke.
The gentleman saide merely
since heare are woomen three
And two already are in talke,
the thirde is left for me.
And towardes her makes a stately course
her tender lips he kist,
Her fingers that were faire and long
encloasing in his fist.
In secreat sorte he utterd then
his long unquiet rest

To her, who art could not denye
but that she loued him best.
Oh happy man ỳ hast found out
the meane to quenche thine Ire,
And happy dame that Fortune hath
enricht with thy desire.
Who now may ioy but you alone:
who is so iustly glad:
as you that haue your hartes desire:
whose frendes good will is had.
The Nurse about her busines goes,
the father walkes aside,
But still the yonger couple doe
in talke together byde,
Their talke and tales doth please them both
loath are they to departe:
And chaunging colours therwithall,
bewraies the ioyfull hart.
It groweth fast towardes supper time,
the mother eke doth praye,
The doctour and the woer to:
that they would come away.
Unhappy harmefull voice thinks hee,
it is that doth depart
Two bodies so peopled that
they both haue but one harte.
Ye thankes her yet for maners sake,
and yeldes him to her will:

That would haue solde his supper faine,
in talke to tary still.
The father and the mother bothe,
the woer and the mayde:
The doctour and a frend or two:
at supper heare are staide.
And first with some solempnitie,
the woer he is set,
And other Gestes in order due,
the father he doth set.
Here doth he playe the Vshers parte,
and can the office quite:
His wife he plaste at vpper ende,
and set his daughter right
against the man in whome good wenche
he knewe shee loued much,
And he asmuch in her againe,
their linked loue was such.
No question nede demaunded bee
of dyet and of meate:
There wanted nought that might bee wisht,
but stomakes for to eate.
The parents stomakes, ioy had filde,
to see their daughter glad,
And ioy againe as ioyously
the louers filled had.
The rest did feede right merely,
and then beganne to talke,

astonnion is at euery feast,
where Bacchus wares do walke.
The father to the Doctour drank,
the mother to the geast
that reason taught by perfect skill
did loue her daughter best.
With all her hart, I say she dranke
to him in cup of golde,
Who pledgde the dame, & to the child
to drink he was as bolde.
Thus merry were they euery one,
right glad and wel apaide,
And she I think most glad of all
that almost nothing saide.
Whose ioyfull, kinde, and louing harte,
her passions could not hide:
But that which might not from the mouth,
from harte and eye did slyde.
Now lookt she vp ful chierfully,
and then within a while:
Her colour chaungde from white to red,
and then againe did smyle
on him, to whome by happy chaunce,
she thought her wholy bound,
By whome againe her secrete thoughtes
with spedy flight were found.
Wherewith the father did breake out,
in decent sober sorte:

and

and that they all would heare his tale
he did his gestes erhorte.
They all attentiuely gaue eare,
their tongues and talke were still
Applying them with might and mayne,
to here the fathers will.
Who now his secrets doth detect
in plainest sort he can,
and looking on his daughter, thus
his sober talke began.
This mayden which you know right well
myne only daughter deare,
Hath choase this gentle gentleman,
vnto her only feare.
And he againe (I know not how)
doth in my daughters sight
conceiue his chiefe felicitie,
his comfort and delight.
Of tender yeares is the man,
my childe is yong also,
And youth by auncient sawe is saide,
to reason is a foe.
Of worthy parentage he is,
of noble blood by berth,
His parents frendes to mine alwaies,
approued to the death.
His maners and behauiour,
are comely as you see:

His presence and his personage,
delightfull vnto me:
Endewed with possessions,
enricht with land and fee,
Not wanting ought that comely is,
in such a one to bee.
My childish daughter is not riche,
wel qualited nor feire,
Nor els wherein such one should ioy,
But that she is myne heire.
And I am aged thriftles man,
and like ynough to spend
my goods, and eke possessions,
before my life doth ende:
When to so rich a gentleman,
to match so poore a wife:
Is but a meane to kendle cause
of endles care and strife.
Except you may vouchsafe good Sir,
a poore mans childe to take:
And of my daughter farre vnmeete,
your wife and fellow make.
Which if you do vndoubtedly,
the argument doth proue,
Your comming is of perfect zeale,
and but for puer loue.
Which if (your direct aunswer made)
I finde you that way bent:

My wife hath so perswaded me,
you shal haue my consent:
And when my Ladies life and myne
by death are once bereft:
You may accompt the same your owne
if any thing be left.
The Doctour would haue aunswered,
whose talke the louer brake,
And did erect al bashfulnes,
and to the father spake.
Right worshipful, my ouety is,
to terme you so by right,
Because of long continuance,
you are a worthy knight.
To whom again of right I owe
a childly ouety to,
As frendship, and your daughters loue,
enforceth me to do.
You know your daughter loue the mee
and I loue her againe:
And yet in doubt you stand to make
the matche betwene vs twaine.
Althoughe you can on my behalfe,
impute none other lacke,
But that not many aged yeares,
depende vpon my backe.
Age is a gift of nature that
she geues to many a one,

Wit comming by the deytie,
is geuen by god alone.
As Salomon was perfect wiſe,
a childe yet by his yeares,
And Daniel in iugdement ſeat,
an infant as appeares.
Do you not read that Joſeph to,
in youth diſcretion had,
Refraining foule adultery,
himſelf but yet a lad.
A thouſand moze, but that I will
not troble you a whit:
I could expreſſe in youthful yeares,
had ſage and ſober wit.
Againe, an auncient prouerbe is
with men that are ful ſage,
that wit ſometime in youth appeares,
and alwaies not in age.
I ſpeak not herein boſtingly:
oz that I would haue thought,
that I my wiſedome ſhoulde commende
oz that my wit were ought:
But that I would ſeeme ozderly
to aunſwere to your tale,
and that to mine & her excuſe
mine aunſwer might prenail.
And to my parentes wozthines,
and ſtate of noble blood:

mine neuer were so worthy yet,
but yours were as good.
And where you say my frendes and youres
in amitie were knit:
I seeke to tye a surer knot,
and not to breake it yet.
And that my person and my self
are pleasant in your sight,
you cause me thereby to reioyce,
and in my self delight.
My rents and my possessions
and al my lands and fee,
as equal are vnto your childe,
as they are vnto me.
To whom me thinks you haue done wrong
in such sort to disgrace
a wight with worthy qualities,
and eke so faire a face.
I did not seeke your heire (god knoweth)
I sought this worthy dame:
whose iust desert alredy craues,
an euerlasting fame.
As for your riches & your welth,
I pray the lord encrease:
And Nestors life I wish to you,
to enioy them al in peace.
And me thinks y a meter matche
you saw not in your life,

Then

Then to so wilde a gentleman,
to geue so sad a wife.
And how can I by any meanes,
a greater Iewel take:
Then to receiue & kepe for aye,
a wise and sober make.
The which if you bestow on me
your dede it selfe doth proue,
that you resolue your sorowe both
and knit the knot of loue.
And do this aunswere absolute,
within your hed conceiue
That either I must haue my hart
or you my life receiue.
Wherwith he set a decent pawse
and ther with gan to smile:
and craued licence of the dame,
towardes her to talke a while:
Who lyked so the former tale,
the woer had begonne:
as so much more to glad him bad
say on my louing sonne.
My father (quod the gentleman)
I speak as I would haue:
with your consent, I thank you both
to me your daughter gaue.
You sittting by, me thought your face
your willing hart did shew:

And with his wordes your ioint consent
on me you did bestowe,
The maide whose good behauior
hath staide her words as yet
By clasping of her fingers faste,
did seeme the knot to knit.
And I ý seke your childe alone,
and craue none other good,
Receiue her so vnto my wife,
with al my hart and bloode.
And if that this construction,
be parfect say you then:
Unto my hungry hart and mind,
with free consent Amen.
With that the parents first begā
and then al at the borde,
And standers by, said al amen,
there was none other worde.
Oh ioyful sentence thus proclaimde
oh this obtained grace,
That hath with such, and so muche care,
ben sought so long a space.
Now doth the faire and frendly beames
splendiferus and brighte,
Of smiling Fortune shew themselues
in this desired night.
Now sorow doth absent her selfe
and ioy possesse her rome,

With

Within thoſe hartes, whiche not long ſinc
did think them nere there dome.
Now euery man doth wel commend
the freſhe and filed wit,
Of him whoſe chierful comely talke,
doth fill their eares as yet.
Nolw lacketh nothing think they all,
but that the maiden faire:
Should frankly ſpeak her inward thought
and ſo her minde declare.
Wherewith her countnance gan to change
ſhe lifted vp her eyes,
The rudy colour in her chekes
eftſones began to riſe.
Quod ſhe vnto her father then
and ſo vnto the reſt
The day of my natiuitie
the howre to was bleſt.
Wherein my yong, and youthful ſight
did preſſe and was ſo bolde
This firme & faithful louer true
at firſt for to beholde:
Perchance ſome here may think it is
a rude and raſhful part:
A mayden in ſuch wiſe and ſorte
thus to declare her hart.
Wel nert vnto this gentleman
this bargaine doth me touche:

Wil hole

Whose loue to me is not so great
but mine to him as much
To whom againe I yelde myself
obedient at demaunde,
And wedding once solempnised
his onely to commaunde.
He hath disclosed his honest minde
againe I for my parte
In recompence, for his reward
do geue to him my hart,
And yelde him frankly with the same
my free and true consent
My faith and al vnfainedly
vntil my life be spent.
Here might I name the humble thankes
that he his ladie gaue
Heare might I tell the sondry thoughts
the gests emonges them haue,
Heare might I shewe the parents mirth
their firme and fyred ioyes,
The housholdes talke ỹ neighbors woordes,
and els a thousand toyes.
But you haue heard the long discourse
held al this supper space:
Then note the euening so is spent
depe night drawes on a pace.
The louers are ycopeled
and euery thing is wel

The

The father pointeth in the morne
the wedded day to tell
The banquets are in order due
by seruants taken vp:
And euery geſt doth take his leaue
that then and there did ſuppe.
The new betrothed ſonne in law
his reuerence done doth parte
And takes with him his wifes good will
and leaues with her his hart.
If that the parents ioyed nowe
who therefore can them blame
Or what ſhould let ỹ louers but
that they ſhould do the ſame:
And why ſhould not the happy man
lead now a pleaſant night
Whoſe happy hap had clen bereft
him of his ſorrow quite.
I wil not ſhew the conference
that now in ſecret is
Betwixt the Doctour & the man
nor thinke vpon their bliſſe.
and with the maidens mery ſtate
I haue no minde to mell
Becauſe my hed cannot conceiue
nor penne expreſſe it wel.
But yet ỹ bliſſful night doth bate
the chiereful day drawes on

The louer thinkes in Fortunes grace
so much as he is none.
For soner had not wished daye
expelde the mantel blacke
And eke the pitchy cloudes of night
the ayre had on her backe:
But straight way he would get him vp
and gaue him self to rise:
That he might of the wedding daie
with his newe Sire deuise.
Now would he go, it was to sone:
then would he staie a while,
And phansies still that did renewe
did former thoughtes exile.
When reason would not suffer him,
from thence so soone departe
He fird his hed and beat his braine
on her that had his hart:
And gat him to the windowe whiche
did open towardes the home
of her, in whome he did delight
that had his hart alone.
And by the windes which thitherwardes
their flieng force did bende
vnto his lady, all his thoughts
in couert he did sende.
Now would he wishe he weare a cloude
and by and by a starre:

Or other thing he wayde not what
that force had from so farre:
Other to haue a sight in whome
he long had pleasured so
Or els that time (alas) were come
that he him selfe might goe.
He wisht that mery Mercury
might sende vnto him winges
And els that longd to Poets art
he named a thousand thinges
Or that he had the dulcet voyce
of Nightingale or Larke:
Or that in musikes armony
he past eche other clarke
Or that he at this present tyme
more dyre then Tantalus
Had both the conning and the harp
of famous Orpheus.
First would he vse his wished wings
and thither take his flight
Where of his lady he were sure
in bed to haue a sight.
And then his princely Poets art
should in right conning verse
Vnto his ladye and his loue
ten thousand things rehearse:
That yet for lacke of lucky tyme
himselfe could not disclose,

Nor his so secrete matter durst
to any man repose.
Wherin, if Poets fyled verse
should seeme to her to long,
The rest in conning armony
should finish with a songe.
Then to her whome he wronged thus
so long awake to kepe
(As Orpheus did the dampned soules)
his harp should bring a sleepe.
As he poore soule, whose ioyfull hart
nolde suffer to take rest
Did alwaies beat his braines on her
that now he loued best:
So did the famous worthy dame.
with firme and fired mynde:
Seeke out this long and wakeful night
a thousand waies to finde,
Wherby she most might please the man
or him most high aduaunce
That Fortune thus had made her mate
by good, and happy chaunce.
The loners braynes thus occupied
he casteth vp his eyes
Vnto the craised cloudes of heauen
from whence he plainly spies
The horse of Phebus chariot
bigins their course to ronne

and sheweth vniuersally
theire gloab or golden sonne.
Which sight this ardent gentleman,
doth heere his warrant make
And thearupon his iourney doth
vnto the father take.
And eke doth praye the Doctour to
euen as he hath begoon
To goe with him and be his aide
till his attempts were woon.
Fast towardes the fathers mantion
these frendes together go
Their errand is, & they seeke out
the wedding day to knowe.
Where when they came the father was
the mother and the maide
Which on the comming of those guestes
had all this morning staide.
If that the Doctour welcome was
vnto the parents, knowe
That then the louer welcome was
vnto his wife: I trowe.
What neade I tell the breakfast which
they had prouided heare:
what boteth of the cost to speake
or of the royall cheere:
Or of the sugred sentences
the mother did expresse:

Thereby to woorke her sonne in lawe
the greater cause to blesse.
What vaileth of the golde to talke,
the plate, or of the rent,
Which there was seen, or by the Sire
might yearely be spent:
What neade I to expresse the heape
of golde and massie mucke
The father did appoint the childe
in token of good lucke.
What neade I name the louing toyes
betwixt the louers fell:
But wish the long continuance
of those that loued so well.
What vaileth that I should at all
beare play so fond a parte:
as might detect how eche of them,
enioyed the others harte.
Should I declare how in the one
the other had delight:
No, no, I will not wrong them so
but therof claime them quite.
For from the fathers answer will
deferre you any lenger:
Who namd ỹ wished wedding day
the twentith of September.
And shewe you, how they and their frendes
be glad and do reioyce:

To see so good succession,
had in so meete a choice.
Did Venus thinke you ioy at all,
when she the apple had:
Did not her promys Paris ioy
and made his hart as glad:
Doth euery louer with his loue
content himselfe right well:
Then let them ioy a little while
whose ioy I cannot tell.
And talke we nothing of the toyle
the turmoyle and the race
The frendes had heare to compas thinges
within so shorte a space.
Nor of the letters were sent out
the kindredes to enuyte
Think not at all, for of the same
my penne no woord shal write.
But pas we ouer fourtene daies.
which spedely were spent
The fyuetenth was the wedding day
set by the fathers stent.
In which of meare necessitie
I must make some discourse
Though ỹ the Muses in my need
of me haue non remourse.
The happy long desired day
gins scarce to shew her light:

Ne yet the ayze had scant vnlewk
the mantel of the night,
Ne had Auroza stretcht her armes
her slombers of to throwe
Ne had the skies alhidden yet
the starres which earst did show.
So sone as had the gentleman
put sluggishnes to flight,
And left his restles bed wherein
he rolled all this night.
Vp calles he then his seruingmen
and willes their help to raye
Their happy matter happely
in this most happy daie.
Eche thought that came into his hed
but mirth and ioy did bring
He dreameth on mount Hellicon
he heares the Muses sing.
Now is he set on Foztunes lap
eche thing doth come aright,
And all his troubles and his cares
are now deuoided quite.
And so much moze to glad him with
came to his window then
A sett of violles coningly
plaide on by conning men
Whose parfect play was vttered
with such a skilfull grace:

As he did thinke himself in heauen
or in a better place.
He thrust his hand into his purse
and what he therein founde:
Out of the windowe, for their paynes
he threwe it to the grounde.
And wilde them that they should fourthwith
the rather for his sake
conuey them to his fathers house
and so his wife to wake.
Whose hest they hastly did obeye
whose mynde they did fulfill
Whose praise of liberalitie,
they do commend and will.
Whereas when they come they suddenly
such musike did resounde
As if Appollo from the heauens,
had sent it to the grounde.
Wherewith they loked out for ioye
that slept not long before:
The Sheperd shewd his teth, and saide
that Pan was at the doore.
The virgin whome the mother woulde
not yet haue left her bedde,
No longer could abyde in couche,
but nedes must shew her hedde.
The father and the mother roase,
the melody was suche,

As who had hard the conningest,
might there haue hard asmuch
Of noble nature was the Sire,
and musike did regard,
And gaue the minstrels for their paine
a royall in reward.
The minstrelles that so sone could not
forget theire gotten gaine,
Do think in al their liues they not
bestowed a better paine.
And so drew on right chierefully
the freshe and pleasant day
which seene did the musitians
fast packe themselues away.
No sooner were they gone from thence
but then the louer came,
In whom I dare auow to you,
was nothing out of frame.
In sober garment clenly clad,
without respect of cost,
His lēt like chikes had got again
the flesh that earst they lost.
Whose comely salutation did
his Lady so embrace,
As they that saw it could but muse,
and wonder at his grace.
The parents did receiue their sonne,
in such a worthy wise,

As

As who that would haue wisht a thing
could better not deuise.
The mother toke him by ẏ hand,
and lead him round about:
To see the order of eche thing,
within and eke without.
And how she ment that al should be
in order did him tell,
The wourst whereof hee coulde not mende,
nor scarce could wish so well.
Thus whiles she viewed euery thing
the day gan fast to growe
and Titan gan his golden beames
from the southeast to throwe
Wherby he saw ẏ slippery time
away began to slide:
And that the matrons of ẏ town
came in to dresse the bride:
And ẏ the townish maidens did
about the gates gin flocke:
His heed[illegible]hed could not les deme
then it was eight a clocke.
From thence he thē retired backe
vnto his mantion straihgt
wher did right worthy gētlemen
a nombre for him waight:
Who greted him, and praide the lorde
to kepe him from anoye

And of the bargaine hee should make
to send him endles ioye.
He thanks them al, and stoopeth oft
he vaileth cap and knee,
and who ỹ vide him courtlyest,
no courtlier was then he.
One of his seruants he did send
to church from him away:
To see the order of eche thing:
and how did weare the daye.
And whiles ỹ seruãt so was sẽt
the rest a roo right fine
presented al the gentlemen,
with waker cakes and wyne
Himselfe brought forth a standing pece
of gay and glistering gold:
Ympleat w̃ right good ypocrace
and drank to yong and old.
Then did retourne his man againe
whose reuerence made and doone
saide to his maister time was nowe
for seruice was begonne.
Wherewith the maister with some speede
and yet in order to:
Retourned backe vnto his wife,
as maner is to do.
With such a sort of gentlemen,
pursuing at his traine:

So well ymatched with their likes
in order twayne and twayne:
As earst not in a hundreth yeares
the like could be espied,
To waight vpon a gentleman
in honour of a bride.
So sone as they were come in sight
nighe to the fathers doze,
A sort of semely seruitures,
of purpose set therefore.
Ech sones ds go by course a rowe
from first vnto the last
presenting thē with fansies made
of purpose for repast.
And eke ỹ gentle Iem, the bride,
trimd vp in her attire:
As to her birth but decent was
and this day did require:
In humble sort did shew her selfe
and in right harty wise,
Did yeld them al as harty thāks,
as could her hart deuise.
To churche doth then the bride grome goe,
and al the rest araye,
And for the coming of the bride
not one but all do staye.
Who forthwith cometh oute in deede,
in such a fined frame:

As if of purpose it were done,
to winne eternal fame.
First was her countenaunce comely set
her eyes were firt full sure,
Her face was faire, her cherry chekes,
her bewty passing pure.
Her brest out in a decent sort,
not proude at all she bare:
Her heare was loose, and on the same
a Cronet paste sheer ware.
The collour of her heres did seme
to those that did beholde,
as if ỹ nature had them drawne,
of right and burnisht golde.
The length therof again is suche
as some did make to muse:
How wel so yong a womã might
so rare a Jewel vse.
Nert that abouts her neck at lest
moze then fiue double folde:
With Diamondes and with Saphires set,
she ware a chaine of golde.
Wherto a pendent tablet was
of such excelline price,
As how I should esteme the same
surmounteth my deuise,
About the which a partlet was,
of carued wozke so rare,

As

As through the workmanship thereof
eche Jewel shewed fare.
Her kirtel was of saten white,
embrodred very ritch
with siluer and her gowne was black
plaine veluet with a stitch.
About her waste a chaine of golde
the girding place possest,
And at the same did Juels hang,
as ritche as was the rest
Vppon her armes the sleues did with
the partlet so agree,
as al together did delight,
the lokers on to see.
What should I say: nothing but well
could then beseene in place:
But of the rest the trimmest was
her gesture and her grace.
And proper two yong gentlemē,
in satten semely clad,
To churche did lead her and her handes
within their fingers had.
If that this merry morning thus
did euery man delight,
I think it pleasd the husband wel
the Ladie and the knight
Wel, as she was, to church she goes
pursued with a traine,

Of ladies and of gentilles such,
as not the world can staine.
When whē the fearful minister
did see so faire a face:
half doubtful in himselfe he thought
Diana was in place.
And loking on the man againe,
in trembling and in feare:
What god (thought he) shal I now matche
vnto this goddes heare.
But al his fond amased spirites,
at last retourned backe:
The peoples sight did aide his powers,
which sodein feare did racke.
And then with manly voice hee saithe
as comely as he can:
Who geues this bride (quod he) vnto
this Jolly gentleman.
One stepped forth right worshipful
appointed for that parte,
And saide I geue her to his vse,
to thee with al my hart.
Now spoken are the wedding wordes
now take they hand in hand,
Now is the wedding ring put on,
a firme and suer band.
Now al the folke within the churche
which scarce can stand for throng:

Cry

Cry vnto god in perfect ioy,
they may continue long.
whose decent doings in this day,
the churche did so adorne:
as none ỹ saw the same had sene
the like since they were borne.
Now flies there wafers in the churche
now Junkets go about:
and some w̃ wine are washed so
they hardly can get out.
The husband w̃ the former train
doth get him home before:
And staith the comming of his wife
within her fathers doore,
And then two auncient worthy knightes
the bridegromes kinsmen to
In honour of the bride stept forth
and thus much seruice do.
By either arme they take her there,
and homewards lead her than
And at her fathers doore do yelde
her to her wedded man.
He thankes them al with hand and hart,
and takes her by the fist,
Whose tender lips before them all
is by the husband kist.
And first he doth inuite his gests
that are of worships state,

And then of his familiars
ſpied by him at the gate.
Beſides a worthy company
of ſtates and ladies gaye,
that long before inuited were
againſt the wedding day.
What ſhould I write: ỹ bryde brought home,
the geſtes are comely ſet:
Where plenty was, and mighty ſtore,
of thinges were harde to get.
Where nothing wanted that the mynde,
the hed, or hart might wiſh,
No venſon wilde, no delicate,
no fleſhe, nor yet no fiſh:
No pleaſant talke no change of wine,
not daintie diſhe at all:
The want wherof might hurte the feaſt,
or might the worſhip gall.
The trompets ſounded pleaſātlye
the Cornets to were herd:
But alwaies were the viols and
the luting men preferd.
The warbling voice of quereſters,
with aide of ſinging men,
The conning ſonges, the ſubtil note,
which were right common then.
The multitude confeſt, their likes
they neuer heard before,

For had Amphion been alive
he could haue done no more.
Heare did the Bridegrome serue the bryde
The Bride vnto him dranke,
he did her pledge and with his hart
right humbly did her thank.
What should I say the pleasure that
eche pleasant hart had found,
Not only filde the empty skies
but did again resound,
and flewe from frend to frend so fast,
as euery man was gladde,
And in so great a multitude,
no frowning looke was hadde.
Well thus the dinner ended is,
Thus some do fal to talke,
and some to ease their filled gorge,
about the fielde do walke.
Some then do cast the barre and some
do geue their selfe to leape,
And euery man where he doth like
doth heipe to mende the heap.
Some daunce, some sing and some againe
eche maistery doth proue,
And some do talke of martiall feates,
and other some of loue.
And so the after none is spent
so supper time comes on,

And euery geſt at ſupper is
in o2der ſet anon.
The bridegrome hath his office left
he will no longer waight
The knight, the lady, and his wife
once ſet, he ſitteth ſtraight.
And as their fare at dinner was
ſo fare they now againe
But that the ſupper Junkets were
the better of the twaine.
It ſeemd that Ceres cater was
and Bacchus brought them wine:
And Eoſops ſelfe had ſupt wt them
ſo much there was and fyne.
But yet the maried couple were
moze ioyfull to eche geſt
then meat, o2 drinke, o2 armony
of Muſicke o2 the reſt.
Scant had they ſupped and their meate
in o2der tane awaye
But drome ſtroke vp, and in came light
moze brighter then the daye,
So riche in tyre ſo croked fact,
with ſuch diſguiſed geare
I think no man had ſeene, as doo
the gay torchbearers weare.
As fo2 the reſt the company
could not remember when

In all their liues that they had seene
so trim disguised men.
They lokt about the parlor then
and did themselues aduaunce,
And matcht themselues with ladies faire
and gaue themselus to daunce.
And he that was most conningest
in daunsing trickes so tried,
Set forth himselfe and by the hand
did take the famous bryde.
They marched on, they striued all
who might excell the rest:
And euery one thought in him selfe
his conning was the best.
So spent they there an houres space
in daunsing and delight:
Right ioyful to themselues it was
right pleasant to the sight.
Then hugie heapes of golde they threw
out of their bor, on borde
And therewithal a bale of dyce
with mum and not a worde.
Of gentlemen there was a route
that kept themselues in store
To plaie with thē, it was their will
they staied but therfore.
The maskers luck was very good
Mum, mum, they all do crye:

The drom strikes vp, about the house
the money gins to flye.
They leaue theyr playe, they gin to daunce
about the house arowe
They take theyr banket or repast
and thence againe do goe.
Thus now the wedding day is past
the wished tyme comes on
That toyl is left, and wearines
and euery man is gon.
The bride with matrons sad and wise
within her bed is layde:
Who tastes of euery Junket, and
therewith do leaue the maide.
And so the wedded husband is
brought to his wedded wife
Which long he had desired, now
the ende of all his strife.
They both haue that which they can aske
naught els they can require
He hath his wife, and she her spouse
the end of her desire.
The cheare doth yet continue stil
a nyne or ten daies space:
In which no empty rome at all
is in the fathers place.
In ende wherof the courteous man
right free of harte and purse:

Doth recompence the seruants all
and eke his frend the Nurse,
In so large and so ample wies
as they themselues did muse
That so base folke, so rich a man
with larges so should vse.
And to his frend the Doctour doth
for al his frendship giue
An annual fee, right worth his paine
so long as he doth lyue.
Which done from parents house they draw,
to Manour of his owne:
And lead their liues most pleasantly
in his wel stored home.
Wherin the wedded folkes haue ioy
a quarter of a yeare:
Such as few wedded men or none
could euer yet come neare.
Oh cruel cankred fortune that
canst heaue a harte so hie,
And to the same will yeld a cause
of slipping by and by.
Oh that thou canst so flatter men
with graunting their desire:
And wilt not suffer them to cleaue
to that they doe aspire.
To whome in al thy life almoste
thy frendship dost thou showe:

But when he thinkes him saefst of all
hath then his ouerthrowe.
What is he euer liued yet,
and did thee throughly trie:
But rather then to geue the thankes
may vengeaunce on thee crie.
How didst thou Priamus betray
through Paris flatering dreame:
How didst thou all his children slay
and spoylde him of his realme:
Howe Titan didst thou first aduance
by birth the king of Creete:
How after didst thou him suppresse
vnder king Saturns feete.
How Saturne didst thou eke begile
and Titan cause againe
To put him from the Realme of Creete
to prison and to paine.
How then also poore Titan was
by Iupiter vndon:
His realme by Saturne repossest
his kingdome ouerronne.
How then did Saturne seeke to slay
king Iupiter his frinde:
Which Iupiter did Saturne kill,
his father in the ende.
Oh Fortune didst thou euer yet
aduaunce a man on earth,

Which if he did affie in the
had not vntimely death.
Euen so thou hast extolled here
these sillie two therefore,
As feeling now the bitter sweete
might worke their wo the more.
Now hath my penne expressed heare
in vaine a sorte of toyes
Of louers fits, of youthful hartes
and of their wished Joyes
Which after turnes from yl to worse
as tyme in order weares
You shal heare all, and if I can
expresse them, for my teares.
As Venus hath been all this while
the cause of mirth and wo
Betwirt these two which vows their faith
from other shal not go:
So now the Marshall planets do
beginne to fall at iarre,
And noble Mars enclines the hartes
of Princes vnto warre.
Now winters force begins to fade
The springtime groweth on
The regions colde, the hugie frostes
within a while are goon.
Now, Ver, the nurse to every thing
doth in her pleasant mood

Geue

Geue sappe and moister, and to men
yeldes new and pleasant blood
Now those whose courage winters force
late had appaled quite
Recept of fresh & recent bloud
encourageth to fight.
The youth which winter made right glad
to lead a quiet life
Do now reioyce to talke & heare
of warre and cruel strife.
Nothing is talkt of in the towne
but meanes to vnderstand
Which way to auoyd the enemy
by water and by land.
The princes preparacion
his care and al his toyle
Is how to saue his honour and
to geue his foe the foyle.
Wherefore are valiaunt Champions
sought out both nere and farre
To strength the frontires of the Realme
to furnish eke the warre.
Olde stagers are from Garisons
calde forth and set at large
And of the vnapproued men
haue regiment and charge
Yong gentlemen of liuelyhode
and eke of courage to,

Are

Are called out to trie themselues
their deuour then to do.
And he aduaunced, was preferde
alwaies before the rest:
that elles by strength or els by slight
could shew his courage best
Wherwith this strong taule gentleman
did euerie thing assay
And from the most or rather al
did beare the praise away.
And so the Bruit, did straight resounde
into eche Capteins eare
As none like him in towardlinez
nor manhood did appeare.
His liuing straight, his forwardnes,
so sone also was knowen
As was his strength & maines
by flying voyces blowne.
Ye are whispering talke of Capteines is
some one to other herde
They prie on him, they marke him well
his doing is preferde.
At last two of the worthiest, of
the Capteines that were there
Did leaue the rest and towardes the man
ganne fast to drawe them neare
And so much more encorage those
that els weare there in place

Knight

Knight courteously, they did salute
and eke did him embrace
Cõmending him in worthy wise
that there had don so wel
And of their graund commission
gins thus their tale to tel.
There is attempted, now (quod they)
against our noble prince
Such warres as in our fathers time
were not nor never since.
So couertly compacted, and
that in so close a wise
As may the secreat enemy
with hedde or harte deuise."
And would not haue it knowen at all
vntill they had begonne,
What their intent or meaning is
ne what they will haue doone
Our valiaunt prince therof his minde
his purpose to hath bent,
Their malice and their minded force
to tame and to preuent.
Of purpose now his naute, with
al other ships are made,
Right redy when he shall commaunde
their vntrue to enuade.
And so they fully occupied
in bulle warre at home

Shal

shall quaile their courage, and their lust
that els abrode would rome.
Wherfore we haue commission
that captaines long haue beene
To chose out other capitaines
and souldiours to bring in.
In fine, we see your manlynes
we know your liuing large
we wish ỹ prince ten thousād had
so apt to take a charge.
So meete such matters to attēpt
with soldgers care to mell,
So like to take the same in hand
and like to end it well.
We therfore in ỹ name of God
and in the princes to
Commit two hundreth men in charge
to serue him vnder you.
And captaine ouer them you are
they are your seruants al
Prepare you then in readines
to serue when time shal call.
Therwith the gentleman doth speake
in sobre wise and sad
Your charge is ouer gret for me
in yeares yet a lad.
The Romaine Capteines very graue
were growen in yeares sore

And

And children had no charge at all
who are vnmete therefore.
Wars will haue lusty men in dede
their princes quarels fight
But Capteines olde more graue then rashe
should geue to such their light.
I not denie, but fortune doth
sometime on bold men smile
But if their wits, not rule their strength,
how frownes she in a while:
I haue to serue my prince, my wil
my hart, my hed, my hand,
my body and my mouing goodes
my chatels and my land.
But what should in my princes ryght,
these thinges a whit preuaile:
If want of skil in al attempts
my forward wil should quaile.
Wel since the higher powers to you
did this commission make,
And that your countnaunce doth declare
my scuse no place wil take:
I yeld me to the wil of god,
and to good fortunes grace
And now rast of my wedding tire,
to ronne a soldgers race.
The captaines which vpon his talke
there staying did depend,

His answere made did take their leaue
and did his wit commende.
Lo here the wauering whele of fate,
see where she fawneth best
She sendeth troubles of ỹ minde
she hateth now his rest
Who lately thought, his cares were past
his toies were permanent,
His troubles now beginning are
his happy daies were spent.
Now leaues he of his pleasant tales,
he chaungeth here his talke:
His songes are turned into cares
a capteines course to walke.
Now horse, now armour, he prouides,
and al munitions to:
That to a capteine doth pertaine
and is in him to do.
Now gins to breake his doleful chaunce
vnto his louing wife,
Who rather thē to spare her spouse
would chose to lose her life.
Which heard from bright and blooddy red
her chekes war pale and wan,
With secret sobbes, and teares enough
her wailing tale began.
Swete harte, what fault in me is founde:
what trespas haue I done,

What

What doth alas constraine your hart
your wedded wife to shoon.
Haue I vnwares cõmitted ought
my loialtie to breake,
Which in so sharpe a sort you seeke,
on me poore wretch to wreak.
Haue I vnseemely doone the thing
indecent for a wife:
If ye, correct your owne swete hart
with losse of limme or life,
And part not from your promise thus
let me not languish so:
Do chaunge your minde reuert your hart
bend not your selfe to go.
Yet am I she you wedded late
yet doth my beawtie last,
yet haue I perfect confidence
your fancy is not past.
Let not then such vngentlenes
in noble hart appeare,
To leaue a woman desolate
in lesse space then a yeare.
What, think with what extremitie
our fired loue begonne,
and god forbid with such swift foote
the race thereof were roon.
Alas, good wife, (then quod the man
my teares nil let me speake,

An

And yet your wondrous weightie words
constraines my hart to breake.
Think not myne own, alas think not,
that I do from you goe
For any fault I find in you
accuse your selfe not so.
And from the heauens I pray the lorde
to let his vengeance fall
on me, if I conceiue in you
mistrust or fault at al.
And eke the hungry earth vnfold
her vncontented Jawe
and swallow me, euen yet a lyue
into her mighty mawe,
And al the plagues ý euer were
on earth, or euer shall
let light on me, I aske not one
but I demaunde them al:
If I do not accompt of you
almuch as ere I did,
and ý your loue within my hart
in wonted wise is hid.
Againe you neuer did the thinge,
but pleased my desire,
and eke the sparks of loue in me,
are growne to perfecte fire
This do asparke, thus feruently
because you should haue trust

That

That I am yours not to chaunge,
vntill I turne to dust.
For then: if it be possible
the dead to haue his will
I meane to faile my faith at all,
but to be youres still.
But now, the prince hath need of men,
and so it doth befall,
That Fortune sore against my will,
a captaine doth me call.
You know good wife as well as I,
the consequents of yll,
That dayly doth betyde on those,
which either dare or will,
Their princes hestes to leaue vndone,
to satisfye their mynde,
All men may see they reape the sower
that seke such swete to finde.
Then since to sue it booteth not,
nor will come to auaile,
And to resist doth hinder much,
and nothing doth preuaile,
Consent that I my duety shewe,
in best wise that I can,
Since that my princes pleasure is,
to place mee like a man.
My carcas may the prince commaunde,
my hart is yours still,

Your harte againe tha empty place,
within my breſt doth fill.
Then ſince it is but for a ſpace
that we ſhal thus depart,
And that we haue with fixed faith,
ychaunged hart for hart:
Content you heare to ſtay awhile,
with manly hart poſſeſt,
and I with yours in the ſilde
will ſhift and do my beſt.
Think how good Fortune hath of late,
ſhewde vs her fauour bright:
Perchaunce ſhe meanes to honour vs
by guyding me aright.
Ofte haue we ſeene as great a ſhews
of battaile as is this,
where frendſhip hath preuented Mars,
and wrought the princes bliſſe.
Ne doth Bellona alwaies ſtrike,
where as ſhe liſt to lowre
But often geues them the ſwete,
to whome ſhe ſhoes the ſower.
And oft the wight that ſhe doth warne.
to warlike wery paine,
ſhe doth ere long giue golden reſt
and eke aboundaunt gayne.
Alſo in filde hath many one,
as farre vnlike as I.

Got honour in a month or two,
and kept it till he dye.
And therefore whether warre pursue
or peace towardes vs be prest,
graunt your good will that I may be
as forward as the rest.
You haue (then) quod the gentle wife,
discourst your matter well,
yet ner the lesse my griefe is suche
as not my tongue can tell.
But since there is no remedy,
as reason you do shewe,
To him, I cannot kepe at home,
I must geue leaue to goe.
And I the wofullst wretch aliue
must with Penelope
kepe in my restlesse bedde alack
whiles you do passe the sea.
And since you say you leaue with me
your harte, and myne againe
do take with you: it must then bee
one stroke betwene vs twaine.
Therefore as loue betwene vs is
and so continue shall
Let neither happy lucke nor chaunce
nor yll to you befall.
Nor other fortune what it bee,
that happens to your hand,

But by your letters I your wife,
the same may vnderstand.
By promise he doth grant to her
her sorowfull request:
And of his mynd in sober talke
declares to her the rest.
And afterwardes he doth prouyde
to make his enlin silke,
The halfe wherof as read as blood
the rest as white as milke.
Which ended once with such deuise
as all men might it knowe:
Thereunder gan he muster then,
his soldiers on a rowe.
His olde lieutenant expert was
his sargaunt and the rest:
And who did wel, he for his time
was equal with the best.
His muster booke was furnished,
his clarke doth what he can,
He knoweth not the Capteins guyle
he wanteth not a man.
His nomber full, his furniture
prepared for the nones,
They all imbarkt, do take the sea
the warre groeth on at once.
His wife, amongs a hugie sorte
whith this gay sight did glad:

Rebelth

behelde the same euen with the harte
that wayling Dido had,
when false Eneas did her leaue
at Carthage in her bed,
whiles he the falsest man alyue,
the towne and citie fled.
And so they take their lothsome leaue
as wofull Troylus did,
with wailing woordes and teares ynough
when Cressed from her rid.
And whiles they cannot speake for woe,
and sorrow of the harte,
The anker weyde, the ship aloft,
they kisse and so departe.
The saylers do hoyse vp the sayles,
aright forewinde does bloiwe,
The mayne, the top, the missen, &
the spryte saile all arrowe.
The soulgers do the netting deck
the Pilote takes in hande
the rother, and an other soundes
to scape both rocke and sande,
The Barke is in her princely pryde,
her ordnaunce do discharge,
Their force wherein discried is,
their puissans set at large.
All men are mery in the ship,
eche man him self doth prowse:

But he alone who cannot chose,
but think vpon his loue.
And she againe good soul doth stands
vppon a mountaine hie,
Still viewing the vnhappy Barke,
so long as she might spie,
The hull, the mast, the sayle the top
or any parte at all:
and then doth this vppon her knees
beholde the skies and call.
O thou the cuerlyuing god,
do spede the course a right,
of yonder barke, and do the men
from drowning daunger quyght.
And as thou art a god I knowe
most constant true and iust,
Do helpe my loue as I alone,
in the do put my trust.
Let Neptune stay the surging Seas,
Let Eolus not blowe,
Nor graunt that they conioyntly do
their force or rigour showe.
Nor yet that any enemy
with them do fight or striue,
Before they in their wished port,
do luckely arryue.
With pensiue thoughtes she riseth thus
and leaues her praier so:

and

and she the wofullst wight aliue
vnto her home doth goe.
Where when she comes and misseth him
whome she doth most desire,
Then weping doth she waile her chaunce,
then puts she of her tyre.
and with the worst she may finde out
her comely corps is cladde,
And neuer did she mourne so sore,
but now she is as sadde.
She spendeth thus the doleful daye
the night comes on a pace,
She goeth to bedde, and of her spouse
fyndes there the empty place.
Her stomake straight appaleth so
such sobbes from her do starte,
As with her teares, so bleare her eies
and seme to rent her harte
she calleth to her memorie
her happy time of late:
The thought wherof doth so much more
augment her heauy fate.
Not Father can nor Mother may
appease the daughters greefe:
Nor frend can comfort her distresse
her sorow was so reefe.
Heare gins she now to curse the man
that she doth loue so well:

Untrue (she saith) thou art alas,
why dost thou thus rebell,
Against the lawes of God: by which
thou didst auow to me,
For euer: not so short a space
my constant spouse to bee.
And wilt thou leaue thy lady thus
and wilt thou from me go:
And wilt thou now absent thy selfe
and wilt thou leaue me so:
And canst thou now lye from the bedde
that thou didst so desire:
And canst thou worke my woe this wise
and proue thy self a lyer
And darst thou false thy fired faith
and thine affied trust:
And darst thou now, thou hast obtaind
thus proue thy selfe vniust.
In faith I thought the Sea should first
by waters want be drye:
And that the sonne should eke forsweare
the high and hugye skie:
Or that another Phaeton
should serue in Phoebus turne
And that the fyery footed horse
both sea and shore should burne:
Before thou wouldst without a cause
with me thy wife be wroth.

Or cruelly haue left me so
and so haue broke thy troth:
In faith since that it is in deede
and I to true it trie
I wil no more beleue thy words
before the day I dye.
Nor shal thy fawning letters help
thie treason to excuse
wherof thy present absens doth
thie loialtie accuse.
Wel wel thou shewest now thy kynde
thy doings do declare
that onely men in woing time
do flatter and speak faire.
Thus in her great extremitie
eche ioint in her did shake
And faintnes made her staye a while
and then agayne she spake,
What am I wrothe and cruel wretch
or brutish beast by kinde:
Thus with my true and constant loue
such raging faltes to finde.
Who for him selfe or his defence
in absence cānot speake,
Whie doest thou then, oh wilful wench
thie rage and angre breake
On him that is thie husband and
thie loue and onely fire,

All

All lotted by the lyuing lord
euen to thie hertes desire
Was he not prest by prices powre
ful lothe he was to goe
Oh cruel carle how canst thou then
in absence blame him so.
Did not his sobbes his sighes, his teares
that trickled down his eye
His wailing voice, his gryping greefs
his dolful noyse and crie
Which did (against his will break forthe
when he did hence depart,
Expresse vnto the (oh thou beast)
his true and constant hart:
Couldst thou at any time at all
conceiue with in thie minde
but al such griefs as gript thy hart
like place in his did finde:
Vniust thou art, (oh folish girle)
vnfaithful and vntrue
Vnworthy art thou of the man:
Now geue thie hart to rewe.
That thus didst slaunder thie true loue
so sore without a cause,
How cāst thou craue ỹ aid of loue
a rebel to her lawes.
Ah cruel wretch that shewst thy selfe
vnworthy breth or life,

Would

Would God thou hadst the murderer
or els the cruel knife.
That wel might here reuenge by right
the louer and his truthe
And for thie skilles slaunder sake
might bring thie selfe to ruthe.
Thus whiles ỳ ladies lãguisheth
her former talke and synne,
against her lord, her mother doth
to see her childe come in.
whom she doth find so ruthfullye
with teares bewped so:
As wher she might retourne againe,
or to her daughter go
she stands in doubt: her hart doth faile
the teares break from her eyes
she kepes in couert al her cares
and to her daughter cries.
What daughter? what doth meane this grefe
what is it worke thie paine
Is al thy pleasure so sone past?
is care krept back againe:
Alas, shal neuer this mine age,
nor these my hory heares
Nor these my mistie eies beholde
thee but bewept with teares:
Good daughter guide thy selfe awhile
do not torment thee so:

Thye

Thie loue doth loue the passing well
let foolish fancies goe.
Who in the world hath god enrichte
with fortune or with fate
So much as thou to whom is linkt
a man of such estate
As neither storme nor worldy wo
no flame nor yet no thunders
No sea no flud, nor other let
from thee can kepe asunders
A lengre time, then princes cause
alone doth kepe him back
Yet natheless his harte, is thine
though thou his bodie lacks
Then homeward come with me, mine owne
reiect thie careful minde
And as I pleasure in the muche
some comforte in me finde.
My sonne, thy spouse, that faithful man
the fates will guide by right
Ere long, he will send vs good newes
his hand begins to wright.
What cause hast ỹ to morn at al
sins that thy lord is well
His viage past, his chaunce is good
such will his letters tell.
Oh, blame me not, good mother, saide
to her, her daughter deare,

Yet I the losse of such a spouse
so greatly dread and feare.
For neither hath ỳ Gretiã dame
nor Trotans ladies found
Nor yet the hungrie earth it selfe
nor yet the cloddie ground,
Receiued so iust and true a man
as I haue for my parte
Whose truth (alas) so tried is
as now doth rent my hart.
I syt alone, my thinkes the seas
are growne in suche a rage,
By Eolus his whoozling blastes
whose rigour will not swage
As he w̃ surges heued to heauen
the ship doth straight way fall
The wallows thẽ do hide ỳ bark
the water drowns them all.
Then straight I se him in his armes
how strongly he doth fight
Here hath he slaine a gentleman
ther hath he kild a knight
This crowne by him yeraked is
that bodie doth he part,
Then coms a traitor at his backe
and thrusts him to the harte.
Should not these things encrease my care?
should not mine eies that spie,

Yet

My husbād slaine before my face,
prouoke my hart to die:
Alas poore wench the mother said
alas poore louer to.
Thy fancie willes, but reasō not
commaundes, the thus to do
If euery thing thou canst cōceiue
in hed, doth worke thee greefe
Thē thrise so manye heds againe
can bring thee no releefe.
Come come, come come, come home with mi
come to thy fathers house
Come glad thy mothers heauy harte
till tidings of thie spouse
Shal toy againe thie toiles spirits
and geue the quiet life
That couldst not yet this twelue mōths space
auoyde inuented strife.
Now reason worke and nature so
the daughter doth cōmaund,
In this a thing so requisite
to bay the dames demaund
They home warde bend to fathers house
the time they would begile
Which princes cause, and mortall warre,
do keepe him on exile
Naught wanteth here that mirth may make
the daughter hath her wil,

But

But alwaies doth your husbands want
the daughters plaint fulfil.
So as no ioy nor ioyful thing
but doth augment her care
and somuch more because she wil
her cursey not declare.
Whiles in this great perpleritie
this yong and tender wight
bewails her husbandes absence thus
as she may do aright:
The noble man the louer true,
is tost vpon the seas,
Now at the wil of Eolus,
and then as Neptune please.
At last with wery course & paine
this weather beaten Barke,
doth of the hauen desired so,
espie a certaine marke.
Now mates the maister cries apace,
good newes to euery man,
How Jack thou scurvy lowsy boy
go tap and fil the Can.
Be mery maisters drink a pace,
now make we al good sporte,
Our viage almost ended is,
I see the wished port.
wherin by force we mean to lãd
as we haue done the like,

By help of god, & by ẏ force
of bended bowe and pike.
Then ioy echeman within ẏ ship
their sport is for a king,
and hey, how ioly rombelowe,
the saylers al do sing.
Here might you see what soldiers seeke
and how they toste and stolle,
on sea, & shore, on euerye where
to come to sacke and spoile
But he alas alone good man
whose mind doth bring to sight
his milde and true companion,
his comfort and delight:
In secret place doth stay a while
and wipes his flowing eie,
Til often wiping of the same
doth al the moisture drie.
Then secretly he sendeth forth
a grone vnto the skies
Which from his faithful hart for the doth
vnto his ladies flies.
And then he sheweth him self abroade
right pewsaunt on the deck
And saith vnto the soldiers all
obedient at a beck:
My mates my frendes my brethern deare
my fellows all in fide,

Perth

ert God my prince, and wife you are
to whome my hart I yelde.
t is the place you see it well
Where we must proue by strife
how most toppresse our enemy
how least to harme our life.
I am your owne assuredly
both hed both hart, and hande,
craue of you but willing harts
by me at neede to stande.
Which if I fynde I swere to you
that none of you shall lacke
Whiles I haue land or liuelihod
or clothing to my backe.
These woordes ones past they swere to hym
if he had cause to trye:
ye should perceiue, not one but all,
with him would liue and dye.
Glad was the captaine of such men
glad was the solgers eke
The hauen to entre in best wies
they all a meanes do seake
The enemy doth shew his face
like to the forest boare:
he cannon and the culuer shot
about their eares do roare,
The skirmish enters very hot,
yet doth the barke preuaile:

and in they goe not losing ought,
but tearing of their saile:
Wherewith they are in quietnes
the entring brunt is past:
and they into their wished porte
are now arriued at last.
The mariners that labred sore
with strained voices cries,
Saint George, Saint George to borrough, that
they so do pearse the skies.
The enemies perceiue therewith
their purpose they had lost,
They fynde that scantly wil their gaine
beare halfe their toyle and cost.
and then they leaue their rigour since
they can no more preuaile,
and do forthink the time they spent
which came to none auaile.
Well, night groes on a pace, that they
that can fynd out their nest,
Forgetting toyle, with mery mynds
do geue them selues to rest.
The worthy captaine yet thinkes on
his faire and famous wife:
Which is his goddes and to him
much sweter then his life.
Now takes he paper in his hand
to wright that he doth think:

Which redy is and pen also,
but hath no whit of ynke.
Then with a quill he maketh him
a Launcet very fyne:
And with a phillip prickes his thomb
the point is made so kine.
Whereout doth spring the bloddy drops
so fast as he can wright,
and serues his fyled penne to print
that could his head indight.
Theffect wherof ensueth heare:
my wits I will assay,
His princely proase, in this rude verse
to tell you as I may.
Fyne olune, to you your olune doth heare,
his hasty letters sende,
Least silence should accuse his troth
and so he might offende.
Of paper had I store ynough,
my pennes did eke abound,
But toexpresse my estate to you,
no drop of ynke was found.
But that could not my faith a whit
nor promise from you staye,
For I to shewe my dutye, did
fynde out another waye.
And cause I knewe my letters would
prouoke you some delight,

See here my shift which only was
with blood the same to wright.
I left your sonnye sight with teares,
and Neptunes realme possest,
Where till we came to happy hauen,
we felte but little rest.
And when we sawe the port or place.
wherein discharge we must,
In despight of the ennemy
therein our barke we thrust.
And though by force of fighting foes,
and turmoyle we were tost:
The lord be praisd, we gat the hauen,
and yet no man we lost.
And other newes haue I not now,
but that I would heare tell,
That you my loue be still in helth,
then must I needes do well.
Wherin I pray you satisfye
my hungry mynd and harte,
and letters still for letters shall
my writting hand reuart.
Farewell my harte, farewell my life,
farewell myne onely make,
Though rude my letters be, yet do
accept them for my sake.
Commend me to your parents both,
commend me to your frendes,

Commend

Commend me to your self againe,
and thus my letter endes.
This letter to a messenger
he did deliuer streight,
That did conuey the same to her
he made it of such weight.
Which when she sawe, the bobbling blood
wrapt warme within her brest,
Her teeth did cut the string in twaine,
she could not be in rest,
Untill she saw the effect and did
the letters ouer read,
Then was her mynde wel quieted,
then was she glad in dead.
Then to her mother stept she vp,
with wilde and staring looke,
For ioy she could not speake a worde,
but tooke to her the booke.
At last, lo heare quod she madam
see what my loue doth wright,
to me, to you, and to my Sire,
that graue and aunshent knight.
It gladdeth me I promise you
more then my tongue can tell,
Now mother be we mery all,
my husband is so well.
For now my ioies are permanēt
my cares are voyded quyt,

Oh happy hand, and honest hart,
that canst such letters write.
Alas, alas, yet saide she then,
these letters do not showe,
where he be slaine, since he them writ,
how might I do to know.
Then spake the witty mother thus
and aunswerd her againe,
I think no comfort comes to thee,
but doth renew thy paine.
What dotest thou oh folish girle,
or art thou worse then mad:
Doth euery thing discomfort thee,
that ought to make thee glad:
Thy husband is in perfect helth
his letters so doth showe,
These phancies then before to late,
seeke from your mynde to throw.
and write to him right cherefully,
let him not see you sadde,
This shal in trouble comfort him,
and this shal make you gladde.
What take to you, your penne and ynke,
and satisfie his mynde.
He writ to you his letters first,
let him your aunswer synde.
The daughter therwith did relent,
her former foolish parte:

And

And writ to him to this effect,
euen from her perced hart.
Thou art myne owne,
and I am thine againe:
Oh cruel sea, how canst thou cut
a boddy thus in twaine.
Great hast I had to heare of thee,
thy letters did mee good,
yet hast thou don some wrong to me
to write them with thy blood.
No ducty dost thou owe to me,
I am thy seruaunt prest,
should not my hart serue the because
I fynde thon louest me best:
I sorrow that my sight did cause
the to depart with teares,
and Neptune for his churlishnes,
a cankerd carle appeares.
And if I had the powr that hath
the mighty Ioue aboue,
He should repent thoffence he hath
doon vnto thee my loue.
For I do loue the passing well,
and will do during life,
which promise may compare with hers
that was Vlires wife.
And if I breake the same Oh lord
then let thy vengeaunce fall

on me, and euery plague that is,
bestow them on me all.
But yet how couldst thou, when thou sawst
the porte in warlike case,
possessed with a womans hart,
geue charge to such a place.
Thou didst me wrong to venture so,
yet may I not the blame,
For better is to venture lyfe,
then ende with Cowherd shame.
And I am bound to thank the that
no soner camst to rest,
but vnto me thine own thou didst
disclouse thy secrete brest.
I am in helth and haue no cause
now thou art wel to mourne,
Saue that I think thine absēce long,
and craue thy quick retourne.
Till then, I pray the lorde defende,
thy most desyred life,
and sende thy happy presence once
vnto thy louing wife.
Thus hath your owne more then her owne
at large her mynde expresst,
and sendes you thankes from parents and
from kindred and the rest.
Fare well my harte my strengthe my power,
my comfort and my trust,

[whose

whose louer whiles I liue I am
and after death I must.
The messenger ỳ brought the bil
beres aunswere now againe,
and frankly is contented for
his trauaile and his paine
No soner comes he to the place,
or peece where battel lyes
but straight this worthy gẽtlemã
the messenger espies,
vppon the rampiers of the wall,
with pike in hand most stout
and who that presseth to come in
he and his men kepe out.
Now here he slaith a scaling mã,
now there he geues a stroke
Now this mans neck, now that mans leg,
is by his puisance broke
And as in this extremitie
he dealeth blow by blow
whereby the stoutest enemy
his force & puisance knowe.
So since he wrote the letter last
so stout was hee in fight
as iust desert for vertues sake,
hath dubbed him a knight.
His enlign that of late was gay
the cullours fresh and newe,

Now

Now part is torne, and part is burnt,
it lookes of other hewe
And he that tricke and trimly went
they wot that know the trade,
his armour burſt, his coates are torne
and he a warriour made
Wel, nothing yet remaines ſo long
but endeth at the laſt,
So night comes on, they cãnot ſe
the battry endes in haſt,
The trompets ſound, on either ſide
they looked for retreat,
Some wipe their faces ſprent with blood
and other ſome with ſwete
Here one diſmembred of his leg,
for ſurgeons help do crye
Here one would haue his paunch ſowde vp
here dead ſome other lye.
Now drommes ſtricke vp and gin to call
eche ſoldger to his band,
Now both to know their loſſe and gaine
eche captein e takes in hande,
Now though this champions ſeruice was
right e qual with the beſt,
His gaine is greate, yet was his loſſe
as litle as the leaſt.
Whiles thus he ſtoode in fortunes grace
much more then other did

He thought vpon his secret frend
which in his hart lay hid,
And wisht of al the gods of loue
that he could think or name,
that they would by theire deities
some Ingin for him frame:
Wherby he might when sonne went downe
with his swete hart deuise
and be againe vpon his charge
ere Phebus list to rise
Thus wauering thoughtes possest his brain
his passhons were at strife,
whiles that the long desired mã,
brought letters from his wife
The sight whereof made him forthwith
more ioyful and more gladde
Then if he halfe the Regiment
of faire Europa had.
He read his louers passions
her constancy he spies
The ioy wherof did cause his teares
to trickle from his eyes
What should I say in blisfulnes,
he doth accompt him than
much more, & farre beyond ỹ state
of any wedded man.
Now doth he please ỹ messenger
and then he doth resorte

vnto

Unto the merieſt company
he findeth in the fort.
Now mourning weedes are caſt away
he ſoles in muſickes ſonge
Which erſt in heauy ſtate of mind,
had languiſhed ful long.
Of pleſant matters he doth geue
his conning hand to write
Such as to her his lerned hedde,
moſt gladly doth endyte.
He leaueth of his painted proſe,
he writeth now in verſe,
Such as my ſkilles pen pretends
verbatim to reherſe.
Take from thy huſbands happy hand,
my true and louing wife,
The ioyful tidings which report
the end of abſent ſtrife.
And herken to thy lot wherby
the marſhal gods prefarre,
the worſhip & the worthy fame
which I haue wonne by warre
For neuer came there chance at al
that brought me to vnreſt
but grew from good to better ſtil,
and ended with the beſt.
Oh heuenly happie fate & tyme
wherin I firſt was made

a man

a man of warre, a soldgers guide
the p̄inces so to sade.
For neuer did I yet in armes
encounter wight at ſal
But eyther yelded to my grace
or tooke his fatall fall
Wherefore my darling deare, and Iem
some men do iudge by right
That thou art made a Lady, &
that I am made a knight.
And I my selfe wil come to thee
and that ere many daies
A parle hath concluded peace
to god ge ue al the p̄aise.
And I wil once againe, my selfe
my louing wife posſesse:
and ỹ thy spouse, my lamp of life
with equal ioy and bleſſe.
As we that found our selues agreeud
with parting paines of late,
with lucky lot ere long time pas
shal mete with mery fate.
My hart till then take thou and hand,
my sences al and some,
and couch them where thou thinkeſt it meete
vntil my selfe do come
whereof there shalbe no delay
(yf death my life not trip)

alen

a lenger time or further space,
then with the formoſt ſhip.
Til then cõtent thy careful mind
till then think on me to:
as I of thee my lot alone
haue done and ſtil wil do.
Fare wel myne owne, fare wel oh ſwete
my comfort and my ioy
Myne ayde, my helper, and my hope
my ſuccour in annoy.
Take paines no more do holde thy hand
enforce not thee to wright,
for ere thy leteers can reuert
my ſelfe wil be in ſight.
And let my letters to thy frends
my harty thanks allude,
But I to thee do geue aſmuch
and ſo I do conclude.
With flying foote theſe tidings came
vnto this Ladies ſight,
Who neuer erſt did feele like ioy
like comfort nor delight.
For not the thing vpon the earth
that kind hath wrought with molde,
Or moyned is beneath the ground
no not the fineſt gold
No perle, no Iem, nor iuels ritch
ſo much could glad this wife,

As did the letters which resound
the husbands heith and life.
For with the sodein sight therof,
the cristal streames did flow
euen from her verye eies & hart
and thence in ordre she we
The secrets which she sought to hide
amidst her modest minde,
The like wherof, would christe ech man
might from his wedlock fynde
But since it is a thing as rare
as Phenix is to see,
such women in this world to liue
let her alone for me.
And speak we of the parents ioy
that doth ioy in the man
asmuch as any father may
or any mother can.
And how that they preparance make
against the knightes retourne
and how they incence & perfumes
in euery corner bourne.
And how the wedding bed is made
and els to make it shorte
There wanteth nought but him alone
whom they would haue resort.
Alas how often would the wife
goe view and see the skies

and make the crayſed clowds of heauen
with euery winde that flies.
Alas how often lokes ſhe vp,
to ſteples and to vanes,
How often doth ſhe marke the driftes
of moiſty miſtes and raynes,
And all to view the windes that would
ſend home to her againe
the man that ſhe deſired moſt
whoſe want was al her paine.
Alas how long in vaine ſhe lookt
for that that would not be,
For that againe the gods had vowde
her eies ſhould neuer ſee.
Oh diſmol day, oh dãpned dome
ſo faſt that followſt on,
So ſone as were the letters ſent
and was the bearer gon:
Who may diſcloaſe the dreadful dart
without abundant teares:
Or who not drowned in brackiſh fluddes
may tend to it his eares.
My hart doth faile, my ſences ſhake,
my heare vpright doth ſtand,
and eke to write the ſame, my penne
doth queuer in my hand.
Oh that when firſt I did pretend
this dreadful dome to wright,

My brayne had ben, so dull as not
a word it could endight.
Or els that all the fayry gods
which Poets fayne haue skill,
had lept at large, and set their handes
to aide my forward will.
and then no dought but teares ynowe
and wailing woords would bee
To mourne the mortal chaunce alas,
which shal not stay for me.
No sooner were, the letters gone.
which you haue hard he sent
vnto his loue, nor sooner was
the bearer that way bent:
Then was an accusacion
against the knight ymade
by enuy and by traitours gylte
his worshyp to enuade.
And that in such a shamefull sorte
as would amaze eche eare,
The fond and false affirmed tale
with heauy hart to heare.
Which heard the knight could craue no lesse
but that in his behoofe,
his foe that had accusde him theare
might therof bring some proofe.
And did alledge by lawful rule
before the Piers that sat,

and also by dame natures law,
which did affirme it flat,
That heinous was thoffence of hym
that should his life assaile,
with lesings false which god forbid
should therein ought prevaile.
And therof claimde againe some proofe
before his face to heare,
that could (as he knew wel none could)
him thereof witnes beare.
The iudges deemd this iust demaund
good reason in their sight:
But when the prince a party is,
how hard is then to quight
The Lambe, that doth the wolf pursue
that seeketh only blood,
as is the knight sought here (god wot)
by him that nere did good.
Who said for answer what is he
that treason doth pretende:
Or els against his princes lawes
him self by force doth bende:
That wil make priuie any wight
vnto his wicked way:
Except to such from whom he hopes
of succour and of stay.
But this I say eke wil I swere
and will by combat try,

that he to prince a traitour is
and ought for treason dye.
And on this proof I offer heare
my gauntlet in the field,
and haue no doubt before you all,
to force the traitour yelde.
And this I think be proofe enough
for Mars demaundes no more:
Wherefore I do accuse him still
a traytour as before.
Then saide the knight vnto his foe
vntrue thou art vniust:
and to much on thy manhood dust
put thine affied trust.
And first vnto my Piers I speake,
no lye my tongue shall tell:
For if I do, I praye the lord
my soule may burne in hell.
So clere I am from traitours gylte
or damage of my prince:
as is the childe this night brough fourth,
and scarce hath sucked since.
If deed, if woord, if thought at all
to such effect I put,
From ioye in earth, and blisse in heauen
good lord my body cut.
But false thou falsly dost accuse
my troth, and I will trye,

thy combate (Earle) here is my gloue
and I do the defye.
And in the liuing lorde my god
I haue affied truſt,
thee & thy malice to ſubdue
in this my quarel iuſt.
The plaint and aunſwer both is hard
alleged by theſe twaine
and eke the dredfull bloodye othe
before the Iudge is tane,
In which they both do ſtoutly ſweare
by god that is of might,
Vis othe is true (but yet o lord)
thou knoweſt which is right.
Nothing remaines but to appoint
the bluddy battels daye,
and eke the place wherein the fight
wheron the iudges ſtay,
At laſt the iudgement is geuen vp,
and onely four daies tane,
Wherin the dreadful dart of death,
is tried betweene theſe twaine.
In which time they do ſeeke which way
with courage them to arme:
and eke to practiſe fence, thereby
to worke their foe more harme.
And in ſuch fight the maner is,
they know that ſee the ſame,

Two haue a man of either syde,
which frenchemen fathers name.
And are for manhood chosen out
and equall frendes they be,
Whose office is, betwene the foes
an equall match to see.
That not the one in armour clad
the other naked saile:
Nor yet in oddes of edge or length
their weapons do preuaile.
But all their carke and trauaile is,
and subtiltye to seeke,
That equall be the matche and that
they both be armd alike.
Such two there are appointed heare
and men in dede they bee
as apt to take suche thing in hande
as euer man did see.
So neat to proyne the place wherein
this battel must be tryed,
So skilfull eke the plot to choose,
the wethers to deuyde,
That who so saw their perfectnesse
would therin take delight
as much as folgers wont to doe,
to see such combat fight.
The day drawes on, the one in red,
as fierce as forest boze,

comes in, to challenge blameles blood
as he hath done before.
and at his back his father standes
as I before discried,
and iointly both the knights repaire,
and stay they do abyde.
Who with his battel father comes,
his foe there to despight,
and eke to shew his giltles hart,
is clothed all in white.
The bousterous battell here begins
their strokes are passing sore,
The oddes of men, the lookers on
do very much deplore,
For why: the one a Ruffyn olde
in whome no drop of blood
there euer was: that did enforce,
or moue him vnto good:
The other was a famous man,
though yong a worthy knight,
Such one as did the bloody man
for vertues sake dispight.
Oh lord with cruell strokes how oft
do they encounter heare:
how roundly doth the one lay on
that doth the other beare:
How many do with weping eyes
as they may, do full well,

Lament the churlish chaunce alas,
that there that day befell:
And eke bewaile the harmful hap
of those that here did trye,
their manhod and theire mighty force
whereof the one must dye.
How were ỹ harts of some apald
how do some other quake,
to see the bluddy blowes were geuen
which only death doth must slake.
And those that loued their prince and realme
had heare no power to chose
But to bewail the deaths of those
the realme was like to lose.
Alas when blood on either side,
had blynded so the face
of those did fight, as by their piers
they parted were aspace.
And proined were as is the guise,
but to renew their breth,
how sharply doth the one again
pursue the others death:
Oh cruel fight thus helde, ỹ sharpe
whose stripes are dealt so sore,
as still the wished victory
hanges doubtfull more and more.
Unhappy thrust that then were thrown
and sore did hurt the knight,

But yet the traitours harme was suche
as he no more tould fight.
Then prostrate lying on the ground,
thus to the knight he spake,
Not of desert but of despight
at first this quarel brake.
Wherefore before this company
I do the mercy crye,
and claime the cleare, and graunt my self
most worthy for to dye.
Oh lord the thundring noys that flewe,
with skriches shrill and hye,
From mouthes of men, to him in heauen
that guides the starry skye.
And gaue him thankes, that he had caulde
the truthe thus to be knowne,
and that the guylty man was by
the guiltles, ouerthrowne.
Wherewith the knight forgaue the falte,
yet payde to him his dewe:
and with his sword he thrust him in,
and so the traitour slewe.
Amazd I am here to erpresse
the seconde crye and shout,
that ioy did make to passe the mouthes
of all the famous rowte,
That looked on and praised god
that he was ridde from blame,

whole

whose iust desert did claime by right
to be the childe of fame.
whose golden tromp did soũd full far,
how did the knight him trie
and how because the traitour so,
by puissaunt arme to die.
It cometh to the ladies eare
what act her knight had done,
how that in fight he slew his foe,
and kept his honour wonne.
Which wrought in her and al her frendes
such perfect ioy and blesse,
as now they thought themselues cut of
from care and heauines.
For fame nor yet had spred abrode
the knightes most cruel wound,
nor how in chaire he was brought home
nor how he ganne to swound,
Nor how that present night alas
that famous man did die,
Nor how his soldgers and his frends
like children roare and crye:
nor how he is brought to ỹ church
with mourning of the drõmes,
Nor how the knight is brought to graue
with mightie shot of gonnes.
Nor how his ensigne trayled is
with sorow on the ground,

Nor

Nor how nothing but sobbes and teares
in al the towne is found.
This resteth dead they ioy apace
they shoot at other marke
vntil the comming home (alas)
of the vnhappy bark.
Then is this tidings told at large,
to soone the lady heares,
her he uy hart nould let her speke
nor could she shed her teares:
But straight she casted vp her sight
vnto the clowdy skie,
She fet a grone which rent her hart
and therwithal did crye,
vnto that god from whom doth glyde,
the golden glistering sonne,
From sight of whom no wight at all
hath power himselfe to shonne.
And said, oh mightie king of gods
oh thou that liuest for ay,
Impute it not to me for sinne
that loue doth force me say.
Didst thou not geue to me a man
that nature did adorne,
with giftes of grace, that did excel
the rest that ere were borne:
The secret substaunce of ỹ soule
in him did eke habounde,

And

And nothing but thy feare and grace
within that man was found
And that I should the vertues touch
which to the body long,
Didst thou not send him helth o lorde
and madest his body strong.
And deckst him with eche honour that
this worlde mighte him yelde,
and sēst him worship, which he woon
by stretched arme in filde.
How coulst thou thē in fragrāt youth
amidst his honor got,
By traitours hand let him be slaine
whom could no treason spot:
Ah, that I wretched wight haue cause
with thee thus to dispute,
whom al the world, no saint nor deuill
is hable to confute.
What: should I curse my fate oh lorde:
or rather craue to dye,
Or should I piers the mighty heauēs
with hye and hugye crye,
Since that my cursed chaunce is such
as neither can I haue,
my loue aliue, nor yet my selfe
be buried in his graue:
Wel, wel, oh lord remyt my sinnes
euen through thy mercy most

Wher

Wherwith she stretched forth her armes
and yelded vp the gost.
Much strogling was but none auaile
her sences al were gone
Her lymmes were stiffe, her body straight
as colde as marble stone.
Thamased mother saw this chaunce
and ruthfully she spake
To this effect did I poure soule
al this preparaunce make.
Then let the worlde and these that liue
if aught be left take all,
and for thy mercies sake good lorde
send me my fatal fall.
Let me not liue and lead my life
a barren wife in age,
Nor yet to ronne the rufful race
of rigours that do rage
But since thou hast in suddein sorte
bereft me of my sonne,
And of my daughter to, whose liues
had yet long race to ronne,
And that I can nor may not aske
their liues againe to haue,
Graūt at the least that I may be
a fellow in her graue,
And so our bodies may agayne
in coffin iointly lye

That

That like as she by me did liue
so I by her may dye.
Herew̄ her face did wax ful pale,
her body gan to faint,
and easely was god knoweth to spye
how death coule her attaint.
She shryked out, and said oh death,
I feele thy force begins
Oh god for Christes sake do graunt
forgeuenes of my synnes.
Wherwith she did geue vp the gost,
as did her child before,
her fatal threde was shride in twaine,
and she could liue no more.
For neither could their force nor might
no bowing downe nor paine
reuoke her traunce, nor bring to her
her lothed life againe.
The father saw that he had lost
his daughter sonne and wife,
Would faine haue died, but yet doth lack
his heauy hated life.
The seruaunts and the neigbors al
and many men vnknowne,
do taste the dolfull heauines,
that these their deathes haue sowen.
In aunshent houshold tombe the dame
and childe Sepulture haue,

And

and many conning epitaphs
is set vppon their graue.
And those that knew them euery one
and sees the siers vnrest,
Do iudge of both, ỳ wemens hap
in sorrow was the lest.
God graũt him quiet ~~life to liue~~
his cares away to pluck,
God send so true a hart to all
yet lord some better lucke.

Finis B.G.

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1568.

BRITISH
MUSEUM

ELEGIES

...ting the Happy Memory

OF

Sr. HORATIO VEERE

Baron of TILBURY,

Collonell Generall of the *English*,

In the Vnited Provinces,

AND

Mr. of the ORDNANCE

in ENGLAND, *&c.*

LONDON,

...inted by *T. Badger*, for *Christopher Meredith*

at the *Crane* in *Pauls* Church-yard.

1642.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO

The vertuous and moſt noble

LADIE,

The LADIE VEERE

late wife to the ever honored

the Lord HORATIO VEERE,

TO

Whoſe happy Memory be theſe *Elegies*

ERECTED,

AND HERE

Moſt humbly Dedicated to her Ladyſhip

In due Reverence *to His* Fame

and

GLORIE.

To the unfading Memory of the Lord HORATIO VEERE deceased.

If you would be resolv'd whose *Dust* lies here
Know 'tis the remnant of that *Noble* VEERE
Whose tall *Atchivements* fill so large a room,
Europe is too narrow for their Tombe,
And He can never perish in His *Name*
Whilst there is such a thing abroad as *Fame.*
Iust *Belgia* had cause enough to boast,
That He alone was her confiding *Hoast*;
Who singly when the Army was away
Supplied the place of the *Militia.*
And had unto her *Seventeen Provinces*
Ere this, united the *Antipodes*;
And future times will deem that Land to lie
Entrench'd in teares that fell when He did dye,

And

And it will be Impiety to make
It firme, but rather drown it for His ſake,
For the *Low-Countries* by His *Deeds* ſhall be
Preferr'd in Story to *High-Germany*.
But Thou haſt ſo out-fought Thy ſelfe that time,
Will thinke ſuch *Actions* could be none of Thine,
And whil'ſt Thou did'ſt Thy *Vertue* ſo advance,
'Twas not a *Truth* but a well fainde *Romance*,
And I, preſerving of Thy Honour, feare
Thou wilt be thought no *Lord* having no *Peere*.

E.S.

To

TO THE MEMORY OF THAT NOBLE, WORTHY HORATIO the Lord VEERE, &c.

YEt leaſt the *Dutch* ſhould ſteale his Fame, and ſo
Hereafter call him *Van* HORATIO,
I'le ſpeake Him *Englands Glory* wee'd not looſe
His Name for the beſt Kingdom we could chooſe

Here as in *Stemhold's Verſes*, you ſhall meet
Stout Piety on lame uneven feet.
But hurts are Souldiers Graces, then 'twill be
No blemiſh if he take a wound from me,
Though more perhaps in *Old Coranto's* ſe'd,
Which for his ſake are ſtudied and ſtill read
Yet will I boldly write, though nothing ſay;
He of rack'd Phancy too doth win the day.

First then be pleas'd to know (though *Cato* thought
The ſtouteſt Souldiers from the Plough were brought)
That His deſcent was High, His bloud did ſpring
From the cleare Fount where Arts have nouriſhing
Oxford, like *Janus Temple*, now ſhall be
For *War* as *Peace*, for *Mars* as *Mercury*,
'Tis Hereſie to think brave Spirits bud
From Vulgar veines ſwold up with Whey and Mud
Soft Beauties to beare Souldiers hence have power
VEERE of a *Lady's* borne, *Mars of a Flower*.
But He high Births as things of chance did ſcorne
He liv'd more Nobly far than He was borne.
He left the Wanton Chambers, where ſoft Beds
Beare Feathers and what's lighter Courtiers heads:
And choſe the Fields of Honor; they that have
The Earth their Bed, claime Heaven for their Grave,
Hard nights bred ſolid Fame, thus *Jacob* did
And's Pillow ſtraite became His Pyramid,
Thinking all City-buſineſſe ſloath, He went
(His life being a true Warfare) to a Tent,
Where He in ſleeps and Holy-dayes, did more
Service, than others tugging the Oare.

He did not travell forth as others, who
Steale their own Goods, yea their own Bodies too;
And with their Heeles pay Debts in *Germany*
Not taking Armes, so much as Sanctuary
Who go to Sea to shun the *City-Fleet*.
And hoyse sayle only to avoyd the Sheet;
Thinking unlawfull births, and Murders here,
May expiated be by killing there.
Nor was he by that old *State-Policy* sent
Thither, as to a noble Banishment,
Because His Active Soule so high did rise
That Conquering was all His Exercise
He went to practise there, for our defence,
Here He would use, not learn Experience,
Like Good Physitians, all at home being well
He strove exotique Poysons to expell
His shedding Bloud no Malice was, but skill;
'Twas one Act of His Charity, to kill.
No more *Saint George for England*, we now know
A Name of greater force, HORATIO.
Had you but seen Him all besmear'd with bloud
As if His Bodies inside, outward stood

How He did boldly walke with ſure ſteps, when
The Earth was buried with unburied Men:
And had no more feare in His Face than One
That rides in Triumph when the world is Wonne.
How he did march through Gore to th'Enemy
As if he went through Baths of Luxury.
To meet his Ioyes, having no other light
But what did ſparkle from the ſword in fight;
And all this too for Strangers, what could Hee
Have dar'd to ſet his Native Countrey free;
He that did thus for's Pleaſure, would have done
Wonders indeed, had but his King look't on:
He that have fire to muskets there, for's own
Realm, would have leap'd through Cannons to a Town,
Should He have lead Army to a fight
The Sun again had ſtop'd to view the fight
More than Neceſſity, His Example had
Made Baſeneſſe fierce, and Lethargy turn mad.
You that at *Calis Sands* will ſooner fight
For the word Lye, or Whore than the Kings Right.
Who when you go to Wars, take chiefeſt care
That yee be ſtor'd with powder for your haire

That dreſſe your ſelves like thoſe that Tempt and Wooe,
As if each *Mars* ſhould be a *Venus* too,
And Ladies like black patches weare, no wound
But what came from the Curling-Iron there found
That complement, and out of modeſty
Wo'nt dare to go to th' Front 'oth' Enemy;
Wiſhing your Plumes made Wings, when you ſhould fight
Warring alone like *Parthians* by flight
Who if ye can fright children in the ſtreet,
And look away all Creditors ye meet
Stalke in the vapouring ſtride, wearing Buffe Cloaths,
For which you pay nothing but new coynd-Oaths,
Paſſe for try'd Captaines; know that *Worthy* VEERE
Could embraſe dangers that you dare not heare:
Yet he nere fought for Miſtriſſe; 'Twas his care
To ranke his Souldiers rather than his hayre,
When he deſired to read his wounded face
That could check Tumults, his Sword was his Glaſſe
His deeds, not words, did force the Peoples wonder
Thus in the higheſt Region there's no thunder
He did not like *Dull Mercuries* only ſhew
The way with's finger, but with His feet too,

And would have the first blow, scorning to be
The chiefe in Place, and not in Drudgerie.
Yet did he never weare Inchantments, like
Those that first put on Helmets, then bid strike.
'Twas He, and Truth, that could their Foes oppresse,
As Adam awe'd the Beasts with nakednesse.
He loath'd security, as much as Feare,
To give Wounds is lesse Glorious, than to beare
Lictors are valiant so, Lawrels become
Their heads alone that suffer Martyrdome.
Though Age and Wounds had given him Writs of Ease,
Yet would he Halt, and Crawle to th'Enemies,
And with lame Feete trample them down, His hand
Made Myriads fall, then when he could not stand.
Thus Weapons hack'd hurt more; and a old Wall
Conquers th'Invader even by its fall.
To speake him yet more Valiant, I must say
He was a Coward, and would lose the Day,
When 'twas a sin to fight, Ill Victory
Being at the best but brave Iniquity.
'Twas the good Fight he fought, His Conscience
Not Fame, alone was His Intelligence,

He

did not draw to raiſe, but ſheath up Iars,
'twere the ſword of Iuſtice, not of Wars.
or was He raſhly fierce at the Drums beat,
ho like the Sun had light with all his heat,
ough ſome mad Captaines think Religion,
thing belonging only to the Gown,
anghing Devotion out o'th'Campe, and ſay
e's a dull fooliſh Coward that does Pray,
et was *He* nere aſham'd of Piety
referring that ſtill before Victory.
eares ſav'd His Bloud, Faith did His Shield out laſt
is way to ſhun a famine was to faſt.
orts Altars were, Guns Cenſers, whence did riſe
ncenſe, nor did He Kill, but Sacrifice.
His Sword like that i'th'Doore of Paradice
Stood not to keep out Men alone, but Vice:
Each under His Command appear'd a Saint,
As if His Campe were the *Church Militant*,
Angels His Trumpets blew, ſo 't might be thought
The *Spaniards* Gyants like 'gainſt Heaven fought.
No drinking matches there: Their Temperance ſuch
They liv'd a ſober life amongſt the *Dutch*

They knew't ſtrong weakneſſe only, to beat back
The *Spaniards* Horſe, and yeeld unto their Sack.
Others may boaſt their care in that they know
Their Soldiers Names, He knew their Nature too:
And in each Rank moſt buſie did appeare,
He like the God of *War* was every where
Compare ſome Routs, to his ſociety,
Their Men want his Horſes humanity.
While other Armies Thefts and Rapes profeſſe,
Not robbing Cloaths alone, but Nakedneſſe.
Whoſe Penſions the High Way; and th'Neighbours be
Vex'd with their Guard, as much as Enemie.
His was all Honeſty; The Countrey-Men
Loſt not their Cock (though *Mars* his bird) nor Hen,
Vertues alone were there begot, they'd be
Fathers of Countries, not of Progeny.
Thus *Jonas* like he liv'd i'th' Iawes of Death
Oft drawing with his Own, a Cannons breath
Yet nothing had or Will, or Power to ceaſe
On Him, but that *Great Bleſſing length of dayes*
He, whom the *Wars* prefer'd in *Peace* did dye
Thus, thus to Fall, was a great Victory.

'Las

Las 'tis no Wonder if our Cities Majors
Heape to their Treasury some silver Haires,
They like lean Oxen scarce deserve the Knife,
Who is't that envies Flies a longer Life!
'Tis nothing to scape drowning on the shore;
But when that Man doth hive, whose body bore
More *Shafts* than *Sceva*, or the Porcupine;
Whose thigh was the Earths Vrne, and 's Breast a mine
Of Lead, we straight conclude that His Defence
Was the sole Plot and Sweat of Providence,
If maym'd and Aged Oakes are sacred, well
May we maintaine, in Him a God did dwell.
What but Divinity could so rule the Dart
That it should strike each Member, but the Heart.
His Foes (as Satan *Job's*) could's Body make
One perfect Sore, His Life they could not take.
But all these Praises are to scant and poore,
The malice of His Foes must needs say more.
Armies of Statues build, for every stone
Other Graves have, erect a stately Town
Instead of Alabaster Boys, ranke here
A Troop of Horse, a band of Foot-men there.

Then

Then heape up Swords and Bucklers, till we see
His Monument, our greatest Armorie
After all this, 'twill be too meane a roome,
He more deserves a Temple than a Tombe.

Richard West.

On

On the death of the honorable HORATIO VEERE Baron, of *Tylbury*, &c.

HOw have you, wrong'd our VEERE to let Him lye,
So long interr'd without an Elegie!
Or though the choyceſt Artiſts you may uſe,
His Tombe is but halfe cut that wants a *Muſe*.
Belgia can witneſſe, if ſhe e're did beare,
So ſtay'd a *Guide*, ſo fierce a *Souldier*;
His fury like a God He did diſpence,
And every blow turn'd to a peſtilence.
Yet with ſuch skill His Conqueſts would foretell
That He convinc't and prov'd each miracle,
Thus as th'old *Chaldees* waiting on the Sun
From East to Weſt, when firſt his courſe begun,
And when it fell, knew how remote ſoe're
Strange Lands and Men, becauſe the day was there:

So

So where this mighty Planet caſt his eye,
The Town was then but a Diſcovery:
And ſhould a generall feare the States benum
His influence had ſtrength to overcom.
Nor did He one yeares Prodigy appeare,
But grew a Star, and fil'd that Hemiſpeare;
His life was a full Hiſtory of War,
And every Act a *worthie's* Character.
None could His dayes by Months, or Seaſons frame,
Dangers were all His Spring, His Harveſt Fame.
Attend a greater Wonder! bring me one
An Hero too in His Religion:
One ſo devout, that when His juſt decree
Beates down the Foe, an Angell ſtrickes not Hee:
One ſo preciſe and valiant, we may ſweare
The Leader Prieſt, then will I call him VERE.

H. R.

A Dialogue betvvixt ALEXIS and DAMON, on the death of the Lord VEERE.

ALE. Farewell to all my Flocks, farewell to all,
One ſad farewell to my deare *Cloes* call,
And then I've done. *Da.* Fie young *Alexis*, fie!
'Tis not they love, but feare thou haſt to dye
That thus detaines thee, ſee yo'nde troupe of Swaines
Are muſtered up from out the Neighbouring plaines;
Our great God *Pan* has ſaid it, 'tis decreed
Each jolly Lad ſhall break his Pipe and reed;

There

There's in exchange a better muſicke found
The noyſe o'th' Drum, and the ſhirll Trumpets ſound:
Each one muſt quit his wonted Shepheadrs Gray,
And clad in Iron now fetch in the May.

Al. I've done, But who is he that now muſt guide
Our hands, to whom ſwords yet have been deny'd.

Da. Great *Pan* takes care of that: 'Tis he that can,
Give ſtrength and Art to the unpractis'd Man.

Al. But Father, I have heard you lately tell,
Of Wars that in your younger time befell,
Had we but him that did in them Command,
We'd dare againſt the ſturdieſt Foe to ſtand.

Da. The great Lord VERRA thou meanſt? *Al.* I, ſure that's H
Me thinks the Name it ſelfe doth teſtifie.

Da. It does indeed my Son, It is a Name
That needs no Verſe to'advance or crown His Fame,
And only leſſe than he Himſelfe it ſtands
I'th'Campe with *Mars*, and equally Commands.
This Man its worthy'ſt Maſter did inherit
A ſoule beyond the greateſt *Roman* ſpirit.
O, I could tell you Wonders! This was He
Whoſe very looke commanded Victory:

My ſelfe have ſeen Him midſt the Foes to ſtand
Cutting what threads he pleas'd with his own hand.
Not unlike Fate it ſelfe, whiles every blow
Provok'd, and overcame the ſtouteſt Foe.
But this He did a Youth; when He was grown
To perfect man, He ſcarce could ſeeme to owne
Such deeds as theſe: That which He did before,
Was well, but then *He* doubled it, and more.
That heat which warm'd His Arme before, and bred
Such wonders there, was Active too in 's head,
Which made Him ſtrong, and able to ſubdue
Not Men alone, but their affections too.
Thus a continuall Conqueror he ſtood,
Not only ſtout, but reſolutely good,
And to himſelfe being fixt, and conſtant ſtill,
He was not mov'd, although beſieg'd with Ill;
But He alas is long ſince dead, and we
Have nothing left us but His Memory
To honour which, this ſhort time I've to live
In ſpight of my gray haires, I'le freely give.
Al. And I, if that theſe broyles I do ſurvive
In prayſe of Him, will yearly Feaſts contrive:

But

But if (deny'd by the Fates) I chance to fall,
I'le order't ſo, that my deare *Cloe* ſhall.

H. Benet.

These

These consecrated to the perpetuall Memory of Sir HORATIO VEERE, Generall of the *English*, Baron of *Tilbury*, &c.

CAnnot the Drum toule, and ring out? The Bell
Is a too peacefull sound to speake His Knell;
To weep were a disparagement: This Vrne
Expects that you should rage, rather than mourne;
Those Obsequies befit a Souldier, That
Storme, not bewaile, that rave, not pine at Fate:
Yet had our Worthy *HEROE* perish'd in
The Canons fury, I had patient bin,
And only tore my hayre, or groan'd; but thus
To see Him drop away like one of us,
Alderman like dissolv'd into His Dust,
Whoever is not frantick, is not Just.
Is it this then our City Tribes tall Peace
That forbids Guns, and Slaughters with Disease?

Whoſe ſole Innocence is that it deſtroyes
Vnheard, and can maſſacre without noyſe?
Thus whilſt Syrenes glitter like Sun-ſhine, they
Accept a laſting flaſh for a faire day:
Away with this counterfeit Calme, I ſee
There is no peace but Immortality:
The ſame houre feaſts and kils, who can beware
Of ſuch as ſmile and murther us? Wel-fare
Plaine-dealing fire, and ſword, that when they ſlay
Demand a life, and not thus ſteale't away;
Yet War hath this Art too; thus the ſtout Wall
That out-brav'd Cannons, by a Mine doth fall.
Here lyes a loyall Souldier, who was 'ere
Diſloyall, or no Souldier, was no VERE.
No VERE yet ever durſt thinke it a right
And juſt plea to Rebell, cauſe He durſt fight:
Would we all were this Family: there's few
That dare ſo much, and dare ſo little too.
Here lyes a devout Souldier, Yet n'ere one
That mutined to prove's Religion:
Nor was He of that Crew, whoſe Captaine-ſhips
Conſiſt in a big voyce, and briſtled lips.

That thumpe the board, and roare out Oaths ſo large
You'd think they did not diſcourſe, but diſcharge?
That damne, and raſhly tilt at every breaſt
They Ken, theſe are not valiant, but poſſeſt.
The beſt of His Artillery was prayer,
Nor did He kill, but where 'twas ſin to ſpare.
How oft we do divine? Thus Seers of old
(They ſay) could ſeldom their own Sawes unfold:
'Tis no hard matter to prognoſticate,
We can fore-tell too, not underſtand Fate.
They who this day deſir'd VEERE's Company
Did not ſo much invite, as Propheſy;
The Cates were not a Feaſt, but Type, and will'd
Not to be fed on, but to be fulfill'd.
Such plenty fitly ſhaddowed forth the ſtore
Of that bleſt place, where He n'ere hungers more.
But ſure we do miſtake, nor is He gone
To His reſt, but on an Expedition,
Yo'n place of peace, Heaven alſo hath its Wars,
And VEERE is choſen Generall of thoſe Stars
That muſt in order 'gainſt ſome *Siſera* fight
And put ſome *Beliall* multitude to flight.

We much miſtearm'd our late unhappineſſe
The Plague; it was no peſtilence but a preſſe:
Our people dyed not, but march't hence, and are
The preſent forces of this *Holy War*,
Legions that ſerve under our VBER: let none
Miſcall that then His funerall Scutchion
Which is His Banner; nor y'on Momument
His Tombe (ominous ſyllable) 'tis His Tent!

Richard Painter.

On

On the ever Honored Generall, Sir HORATIO VEERE, Baron of *Tylbury*, &c.

HORATIO VEERE, that was the name ſtrock death
Into a Palſey, toyl'd Him out of breath!
When but pronounc't, bals with ſulphureous fires
Wing'd and with muſick from His martiall quires
Sent of, conveyed HORATIO VEERE
Aloud, but ſtroke the hearer dead with feare;
His was a pious Valour, He could pray
And fight, not for His Life, but for the day.

t was His glory that the Sun ſhould fall
Vith His oppoſers, and their funerall
Be mourn'd by night alone, and when that Lampe
Did riſe and ſhine again, that from His Campe
He might behold the recking of their Gore
Exhale, and like thick clouds of bloud hang o're
Their broaken Regiments, portending nought
But ruine as 'gainſt Heaven they had fought.
Live *Newport* in His fame, and may thy Towers
Flouriſh the Trophees of His ſword and powers.
They won thee hardly, for when almoſt ſpent,
HORATIO hop't no other monument
To raiſe His Memory unto the World,
Then ſlaughtered Piles of His own forces, hurld
By th'accidentall reele of War, rebounds
Like lightening on His Foe, and deeper wounds.
And now the day is VEERE's, for in the field
Death durſt not meet Him, cauſe 'a would not yeeld.
But the grim Traytor fees a poore diſeaſe,
That it ſelfe ſhooke with feare t'approach, or ceaſe
So high a Spirit, to conſpire with Age
And wearied Nature, how to cleare the Stage

Of

Of this *Tragedian*; He whose arme hath mow'd
More than the pale mans sythe, is now bestow'd
Mongst the insulting wormes, with His flesh feed
They'l justly sympathize, and 'gainst the tread
Shall crush them, turn again, as they should say
We are VEERE's wormes, there's Valour in His Clay.

Hen. Harris.

Vpon the Death of the Honourable and moſt Heroick Sir HORATIO VEERE, Baron of *Tilbury*, Generall of the *Engliſh* Regiments in the Vnited Provinces, *&c.*

THough at thy Name *Great* VEERE. even Poets fight,
And Act thoſe battles, they firſt meant to write;
Dare talke of Guns without an Agnes fit,
Make ſwords the ſcope, and ſharpneſſe of their Wit;
Beleager all their Muſes, and not tell
But muſter up thy whole Acts Chronicle;
Do all in Tearmes of War; So that we meet
Towns ſackt, and Cities taken in one ſheet;
All theſe are but Griefes Policy, to ſhew
Thy Death can make their ſorrows valiant too:
And being th'are ſo, a part of Thee expreſſe,
Who e're is like thee, ſeems to want Thee leſſe:

But

But who is left to be so! is there now
A conquering Name that may succeed as Thou
Didst thy fam'd Brother! (nay we'l give Him more)
That may excell; as thou didst Him before:
For where such spirits meet that All are best
'Tis equall Glory to be thought the least.
Yet He must be a Man whose budding Fame
Can fright an Army, whose halfe-spoken Name
Beats down whole Towns and Bulwarks: hath been heard
Lowder than Cannon-shot, and surer fear'd:
One that 's made up by Transmigration,
Of more than the *Nine-Worthies* into One
And beares a Troope of soules; that we may say,
Himselfe 's an Army, though His Men b'away;
When more than this is added, bring That He
Which hath more Yet, or else he's lesse than Thee:
And why all These? 't will be enough to be
Lesse than the least to know he's short of Thee;
Let him be first a VEERE; his Armies All;
As well their Spirit, as their Generall:
Infuse them with his own true Valour, and
Teach't by Example; Act his own Command;

Let

Let his own Name the whole *Corantoes* fill,
And make them be twice printed, let it ſtill
Come freſh into *Paules walkes*, to them which doo
Digeſt each meale with Newes, be ſomes, meale too:
Have ſuch a ſoule from which we'd eaſily take
Troops of Commanders; each ſtout look to make
A Captaine; what brave word ſoever fell
Out of his mouth create a Colonell
When all theſe heapes of Valour do agree,
To forme one Man again, That Man is Thee.
But let him dye like Thee too, Fate begun
His envy long before; Thy Death alone.
Styl'd him full Victor: 'twas ſome Craft to have
Part of Thy body in a Living Grave;
To make Thee feele th'increaſe of death; and be
Thy ſelfe a Part in Thine own Tragœdy:
Witneſſe that Earth to Earth which in Thy Thigh
Forc'd by a Bullet buried there did lye;
And Thou didſt Live a Corpſe, not to be kill'd
At laſt by Thy looſe Palſey, but Full-fill'd;
Like ſome Great Propheſie, whoſe End comes ſlow
And ſure, though 'twas begun the Age agoe:

Ve Challenge Thy first death: this was too low
Home disease for Thy Great Overthrow;
n feeb'e in it selfe, far from the Power
being such a Victors Conquerour,
d might in some weake Alderman have been
erious thought, the Nods good Iudgement seeme:
Tis flat against our Faith to thinke Thy bold
d vigorous breast could ever suffer Cold,
any shaking; no not even the fall
a Town Vndermin'd, or B'own up Wall
hen th'Earth and Ayre affrighted in those parts
ffer one Palsey with the Townsmens hearts;
Yet since this is Thy Period, and in Thee
wo Nations Valours at once shaken bee
he *States* and *Englands*; Yet our Fates are crosse
nce we may Boast, when they shall feele Thy losse.

Richard Godfrey.

An

An Elegy on the Dead of S

HORATIO VEERE, Lord Baron of *Tilbury*, Mr of the Ordnance in England, and Generall o're the *English* forces in the Vnited Provinces.

HAd not the Triumphs that attended Thee
When death proclaim'd Thy Immortality,
Borne witneſſe of Thy Fate, I ſhould ha' thought
Thy Enemies in policy had wrought
A fiction for Thy Death, for that alone
(They knew) could worke their Foes confuſion:
Who then muſt fall to ruine, when at once
They loſt in Thee the ſtrength of every Sconce.
Thou wert all Frontiers to the *States*, and wee
Did yeeld them *Brill* and *Fluſhing* ſending Thee.
So dreadfull was great VEERE, ſo loud His Fame,
That abſent, they might conquer by His Name.

gave them rich Excise, his spoyles brought in,
for the new designe of the next Spring;
ented all their Taxes, that their doubt
Counsell wholy was where to lay out.
ch Town, what City next should feele and beare
wealth o'th' last, and be its Sepulcher.
low could he choose but conquer, when that He
t with His powder, Incense, Piety
e fire; His Hoast was cleane, and whose're
sound His Trumpe, was first an Angell there.
xample purg'd the Campe, His Troops that durst
due the Cloysters, durst live purer first:
You that succeed and would 'ore come like Him,
Religion Learn, this was VEERE's stratagem.

John Borough:

To

TO THE MEMORY O
the Right Honourable
HORATIO VEERE,
Baron of *Tilbury*.

THis distance does become us, who can write
A lyne worthy great VEERE, although he might
Have Ages graunted? they on whose slighted hearse
Some Poet hyr'd quickly howles out a verse
Dye with their *Elegies*; An Age we see
Is almost gon, more than the memory
Of others Pasts, ere we dare venter forth
To celebrate His full and perfect worth.
So let's go on still: Let not our zeale out-scan
Due Reverence, first Adoration done
To His blest Ashes; kissing the cold earth thrice,
And thrice three times the Marble, with advice

Pronou

Pronounce we great HORATIO, not as we do,
Some petty *Hero*, with a ſigh or two,
But as we do the Thunderer: we now
Sing not an Elegy, but pay a vow
In a Commemorative Sacrifice
To Him long ſince amongſt the Dieties.
Nor do we here our wits and fancies try,
'Tis a devout and holy Extaſy.
We offer Hymnes, ſuch as in dayes of old
Religious Matrons, and Chaſt Virgins told
In pious numbers of great *Hectors* fame,
Of *Jove*, of *Mars*, and of *Alcides* name:
So ſing we His, but with a zeale as far
Beyond thoſe cold ones, as he the God of War,
Or greater *Jove* exceld, whoſe very look,
Vanquiſht his foes, as if by *Thunder* ſtrook.
They can beſt tell His Acts, had we but been
Amidſt their Troops, and felt as well as ſeen
Thoſe vigorous Armes, that breaſt, thoſe eyes of fire,
And at each frown our ſelves ready t'expire,
Feare would have made us Poets, and each fright
In bloud would His Fame and our Dirges writ;

We

We ſhould have ſworn Him an united band
And all the Gods muſter'd up in His hand.
Yet Conqueſt puft Him not, nor did the flood
Which His Arme ſpilt, make Him delight in blood,
He was all peace, the tender harted mayd,
And Ages Syre whom Wars name makes afrayd,
Are not more milde, had His devotion been
Crown'd with a Miter, in a Surplice ſeen,
He had been Sainted; He to th'Church would be
Epitoniz'd *Primitive Sanctity*.
If by an *Hierogliphick* 'twere expreſt,
Religion ſhould be in His Picture dreſt.
No Hermit whom his zeale transformeth ſoe
That to the Altars Marble fixt He grow,
Is holyer. By Him a Regiment
Turnes to a Quire, a Church what was a Tent.
preachers in Armes, and this He learnes from thence
To Heaven too, to offer violence.
Talke not of Him who luſt, Great, Holy writes
To ſeverall men divided ſ perhites,
Hector was valiant, *Ulyſſes* wiſe,
And *Numa* firſt Religion did diviſe.

hese all lackt some thing of Perfection,
mething was still behind, who knowes but one,
nd still Learnes is a Child; *who all things can*
n full perfection only is a Man.

Tho. Isham.

D On

On the death of Sir HORATIO VEERE, the right Valiant and brave Commander Lord Baron of *Tylbury*, &c.

THy Name (great VEERE) can valour now inſpire,
Which once did feare infuſe, and raiſe us higher;
Incite our thoughts, not able to declare
Thy Merits ample, as their Actions were.
Religion was thy Banner, Faith thy Shield
Thou taught'ſt couragious Piety to weild
A Conquerors ſword, thy Tents ſeem'd all to be
Made Sanctuaries with thy Purity.

Thy

Thy lameneſſe was the ſtrength of weaker *States*,
This thy Foes heard as Maſter of their Fates,
Which thou rul'ſt at thy will, *Joves* great decree
Thy ſword, did act their trueſt Deſtiny.
Lame VEERE forſook not War, but rather us'd
Than His Commanders ſtaffe, and only chus'd
His Muskets reſt, armes VEERE's weakneſſe ſought, He
Only ſeem'd lame, becauſe he could not fly.
The Romiſh baſtard Eagles durſt not eye,
This glorious Sun *Spaine* ſeemed but to try
His valarous ſoule that ſhe to th' World might boaſt
She VEERE withſtood, and proud. becaule the loſt
Romans themſelves weare titles from that place,
Which they had ſpoyl'd, but VEERE hath greater grace
Cities aſſume from Him a noble Name,
And being ſack't a greater glory claime.
Fate durſt not once aſſault This *Hero* arm'd,
Her powerfull hand, the feare of 's ſtrength had charm'd
Death, juſtly now look't pale, amaz'd to ſee
Her ſelfe o're ſway'd by His Mortality.
No ſtrength againſt this Foe ſhe knew prevail'd,
Therefore with policy ſhe Him aſſailed,

Whilſt on His quiet Couch at reſt He lay,
At unawarres ſhe forc't His ſoule away.
No Foe can boaſt VERE 's death by fatall power
Alone ſubdu'de, He dyed a Conqueror.

Wil. Snow.

On

On the Death of the Honourable Sir HORATIO VERE, Baron of *Tilbury*.

OVr eyes ſubmit Teares like thy Captives bow,
Thy force o'recame before, Thy ruine now.
Thus old expiring Oakes cruſh and Create
Fame from their fall, and Triumphs from their Fate:
The courage was not Choler heere, the flame
Not from Complexion, but from Vertue came.
Valour's not borne of Nature, but the will,
They only conquer that with Iudgement kill.
The fire ſubdues the Ayre, yet his proud Rayes
Still without Trophies win ſtill without bayes.
The Mind, not the tough fleſh was His defence,
He loſt the feare of wounds, but not the Senſe,

That were t'have been ſome Engine and a ſtroak
Had prov'd Him a burſt Iaveline, or ſword broak;
His ſcarrs had then been Cracks, and every blow
Had hurt the Weapon, Statues conquer ſo.
No ſuch reſiſtance heere, the veines were known
Noble, and cleare as Saphires, yet not ſtone.
The Wars were not His plot, He did not eat
By the ſword and wounds, and skirmiſh for His meat:
He could be ſtout in peace, and the ſame Ray
Threw lightning in the field, in the Court day.
Eagles are Eagles though no Foe appeare,
Good perfumes, though unchaf'd ſweet Incenſe reare.
No Conqueſt made Him ſwell, an equall brow
Suſtain'd the Lawrell, and the Cypreſſe bough:
The ſame Calme view'd Retreates and Victories;
One compos'd ſenſe heard ſhoutes, and Elegies.
Weake ſpirits count their going back a doome,
And if they but retire, are ſtraight o'recome.
Thoſe Iewels caſt a faint and drowſy light,
Which 'cauſe they are once ſullied, are leſſe bright:
The current ſtopt grew greater here, and He
That did retyre a ſtreame, return'd a Sea.

No

No rudeneſſe made the publick ſhares more thin,
Spoiles were His purchaſe only, ne're His ſin.
No rich Foe made Him glad, no needy pauſe,
He fought not 'gainſt the booty, but the cauſe:
He puniſht Cities, paſs'd no Village by,
The juſt heat ſcorcht the Phœnix with the Fly.
And having now ſubdude the *Spaniſh* pride,
He ſaw no Foe could kill Him, and ſo dy'd.

M. Lewellin.

On the Death of the right Valiant Sir HORATIO VEERE, Baron of *Tilbury*.

AWay ye prouder Cowards that recite
Your ſtem from Anceſtors, but not your Right,
And do as ſuits not merit th' Armes You beare,
As if Cowardiſe part of Gentry were;
Here's one that by His Valour ſhew'd His Creſt,
And with His ſword blazon'd His Armes i'th' breaſt
Of's Enemies; And whoſoever came
Oppoſer to Him, 's made Trophy to His Name.
Spaines forces I diſprayſe not, 'twas no ſhame,
That He your greater number overcame:
Himſelfe an Army was, in *Oſtends* right
They fought 'gainſt odds, that againſt Him did fight
What cruell Law of Nature is't? that thus
Condemnes to perils the Couragious?

...at fortitude we no where find, unleſſe
...e find it be in danger and diſtreſſe.
...e hazard ſtill our nobleſt minds, and all
...e can is t'adorne *Vertues* funerall.
...e now lives ſhort that 's good: our vertues ſure
...re *Blaſing-ſtars* or *Commets*, that endure
...n their own ruine to foretell, and be
To'us Wonder, to themſelves a Prodigy:
Nor muſt I here leave off it were a Lye
To name His *Valour* and not's *Piety*.
They ſtill conjoyned were, there you might ſee
Vertue from any foule repulſe was free.
It is no *Solæciſme* now to call
A Souldier Pious, nor is't now at all
Vntrue, it may be credible to ſay
'Twas not the Souldiers Liquor won the day;
Even in the Wars He was a Magiſtrate,
And did proportion to th'offence, the Fate;
Ith' field us'd ſuch authority, They were
VEERE's Subjects, All that did rebell 'gainſt VEERE,
Religion's Enemies, were His, and who
Did 'gainſt Him fight, did 'gainſt Religion too.

He

He drew againſt her Enemies, and then
Did with His ſword correct their vicious pen.
Not *Mars*'s now, Fame's Trumpet ſounds our VEERE
'Twas He that made the Church triumphant here.

Tho. Severne.

On

On the Puiſſant and Gallant Commander the Lord HORATIO VEERE, Generall of the *Engliſh* in the Vnited Provinces.

LOoke to Thy ſelfe Renowned VEERE. for though
'Tis ſaid th'art ſick o'th'Palſey, I ſay, No:
Safely collecting when I trembling ſee
'Tis not ſo much diſeaſe, as Enemy.
Who in ſo ſoft and ſilent pace did ſteale
Vpon health's Fort, eſcap'd all Centinell:
He? That's a ſingle one when our VEERE's Ghoſt
Cannot be diſpoſſeſs'd but by an Hoſt.
Miſchiefes muſt band, and ſtill diſpaire of Him
Vntill they fly to ſecret Stratagem.
So His Heroique Spirit might be o're ſeene,
To prove Him Man; o'recome had never been:

VEERE'S

VEERE? Even the Name ſuch heat and proweſſe ſhewes
It ceaſes to be That and Title growes.
And yet what e're the piercingſt Iudgment can
Find in the Name, was tripled in the Man.
Sounds it Religion, God, or Goodneſſe? He
Was then the Prieſt, and that the Myſtery,
Whoſe knee before that God and Heaven, ſincere
Devotion dayly bent, but never Feare,
That ſervile ſenſuall paſſion, His free ſoule
Had cleare diſmiſs'd, but did it's Name enroule
Amongſt His vertues, as Schoole Divines do
With Hope, giving that a Names-ſake virtue too.
So far between Himſelfe and Heaven, but now
Shall we enquire after His valour, how
It ſprung, grew up, ſpread through the World, I call
The ſame to witneſſe it, charging That All
To bring true vidence in, then to review
Her ancient Records, and obſerve where true,
Nobly-deſcended, Loyall, Puiſſant, Deare
To all that's Good, the ſubſtantive was VEERE;
At the have mention of which Name you have
Heard eve'n th'unletter'd Peaſant ſtrait add brave,

oſe minds being too baſe 't be Perill-proofe,
reckoning *Him*, think the Land ſafe enough:
which I had inclin'd, had not I known
bore His Foe about Him, and did own
at treacherous Fleſh, which vow'd He death ſhould ſee
ough Himſelfe maym'd, though Himſelfe wounded be,
! that That Vow was kept! Have I not ſeen
e troubled Fountaine cleare it ſelfe again,
eping the filth out with a kind of ſhame,
d bluſhing till her priſtine ſilver came?
ſhould thy purer bloud riſe up, boyle on,
din diſdaine work out the Infection.
Fanny can all Shafe, or Speare expell,
y not thy ſoule (a nobler forme) as well?
y not invulnerable, why not all,
e Priviledges Truth or Fable call?
ſerv'd He not ſo much, who was theſe three
lour, *Religion* and *Nobility*.
or in the vulgar manner, this in the Court
at in the Chamber, th'other in the Fort,
all in each, ſo we now mourne His loſſe
ho 't once hath fought for the Colours and the Croſſe.

Who

Who with His Arme and ſword, as not content
With th' bare Nobility of His deſcent,
Would purchaſe new, (when as our Monſieurs gilt
Firſt are the Gentlemen, then weare the Hilt.)
Therefore Let's weep. if not till we are drown'd,
Yet let our pious Deluge waſh His wound.
So layd i'th' Grave, weep ſtill, for ſince VEERE's dead,
He's more than valiant can be comforted.

J. Go

An Elegy to the Memory of Sir HORATIO VEERE, Baron of *Tilbury*.

AFrer this long amazement, This halfe death
The much astonish't World recovers breath
To utter her just plaints, which that great Crosse
Repress'd in silence; Now she feeles her losse
Is rising from a Traunce; Besotting griefe
Somewhat remitted, grant's us this reliefe
To manifest our sorrows, sighs burst forth
Now in articulate Numbers: whilst VEERE's worth
Inspires and Creates Poets, we dare try.
Griefe dictating, to sob an Elegy.
He is an ample subject: His defects
Deserve to be admir'd: Who but reflects
Upon His daring Lameneſſe, may behold
Perfection imitable, He well could

Limpe

Limpe into Honors boſome, when ith' field
He wore His Conquering ſword, untaught to yeeld,
He ſeem'd a *Mars* incarnate, with each looke
He wounded His Majeſtick preſence ſtrook
Awe and amazement: As the timerous Deere
Flyes the purſuer, borrowing wings of Feare,
So did the *Spaniard* his aſſaults: VEERE's Name
Epitomiz'd Artillery, His Fame
Was Engin, Cannon, and what e're doth win
Submiſſion, and obedience. Yet in
The Court He could depoſe His frownes, and rayſe
Such ſweet yet ſound diſcourſe, merit ſuch prayſe
For ſolid judgement and advice as 'ſ H' had
Courted no *Pallas*, but of Arts. He made
Valour grow courteous: No antipathy
Was found 'twixt Souldier and Civility:
In Him both were united. He well knew
To vanquiſh in the Schooles, the practis'd Crew,
And gaine *Apollo's* Lawrell. No leſſe Charme
Was in His Tongue, then in His powerfull Arme:
All War to Him was Conqueſt, with that Art
He us'd His ſubtle Arguments to Dart,

h which He threw His Iavelins, for no skill
s opposition could out-vye, or quell:
is Living Science, only Ignorant,
hat sin, what a Tormented Conscience meant.
No wonder if His Soule mounted on high,
Who could enthrone the humble dust i'th' skye?
VEERE's Center was the Pole: None ere deny'd
A Pure Intelligence a Heaven to Guide.

Rich. Geale.

E Vpon

Vpon the death of Sir HORATIO VEERE, Late Generall of the *Engliſh* in the Low Countries, Baron of *Tylbury*.

GIve me a ſword dipt i'th' laſt Armies Bloud,
That He o're came Himſelſe, though ſcarce with ſtood.
Quils are too childiſh: Rimers of our Age
Will allow Inke to Chamber-maid and Page.

Horrour

Horrour becomes thee beſt, I would faigne writ
In the ſame Colour VEERE, as Thou did'ſt fight
Thou ſhould'ſt have Poems, like thy Obſequy,
Such as doth valour ſhew even to ſee:
The Poet that can fully ſing Thy prayſe,
Deſerves a Captaines place, inſtead of Bayes.
Thou that could'ſt ſacke a Town with lookes, whoſe eyes
Like to two flames conſum'd Thy Enemies;
Thy Souldiers were but witneſſes, for feare
None ſhould believe Thy Acts, if none were there.
Death Time did meaſure; when there gaſping lay
Halfe a great Army, then 'twas thought mid-day.
Thy Troops miſtruſted always Thou would'ſt dye
By Conquering, drowned in Thy Victory.
When thou could'ſt graſpe a ſword firſt, this was done
When nothing but by force and Armes was wonne.
But when 'twas prov'd to all that Thou could'ſt do
More than five Kingdomes durſt to undergo,
Wounds then were envyed, 'twas felicity,
And Triumph judg'd to owe their death to thee.
Thy Lawrels were with ſo much eaſe obtain'd,
Thou bluſh'd as at the Garlands in Masks gain'd:

They ſpoyl'd thy Recreation, quickly all
Were yeelding ſport enough, would fly, or fall;
'Twas but to take the Ayre for thee to win,
As if in thy own Lordſhip Thou hadſt been
Hawking, it was but to beate and then,
There roſe, and ſtraight way fled Coneys of men.
Armes were at laſt ſuperfluous, as in peace:
Men in the fields did go for choyce of eaſe.
Thy Souldiers did but Traine, as we ſee Thoſe
That go to *Finsbury* in their beſt Cloaths.
No was Thy conqueſt only in the Field
Before Thy Foes, Thou mad'ſt Thy ſelfe to yeeld.
For though ſo great in Birth yet Thou could'ſt ſay,
Thou had'ſt ſeen Tragedies, and yet no Play:
Thou did'ſt not look upon Thy curious hilt,
And doubt'ſt to draw Thy ſword to ſpoyle the guilt;
Ev'n out of *Hide-Parke*, Thou durſt fight, could'ſt make
Men fly, not only for thy Ladies ſake.
Durſt to appeare in Armes, not mov'd with Love,
Where th'Enſigne was, nor Ribbond nor a Glove.
Nor waſt Thou ſent beyond ſea with intent
Only like Wine, Thy Lees to purge and vent:

Nor

Nor was't a younger Brothers angry fire
Hating thy Country, rays'd Thy valour higher
Or feare of being ask't blessing in the street:
Or living a dull Captive in the Fleet.
No, no, Thy vertues counterpoys'd Thy bloud,
As Thou wert great and Noble, Thou wert good:
Thou wer't so all Compleat, Thy purer veyne
Of Goodnesse, not the very Campe could steyne.
Witnesse Thy zeale return'd: Men doubt so far
Whether Thou Leader wert in Church or War.
Not like those Cut-throats, who professe to kill,
That do come home from Sea, alike to spill
Blood here; who practice all the Might
On Drawers heads least They forget to fight;
That go in debt like hangmen, promise pay,
The next sedition, or next happy fray:
Who do lay seidge to Widdows, not to Towns,
Encounter with black-bags, and silken gowns:
Rest then brave spirit, Thy great Name shall be,
Now our Commanding Leader' stead of Thee.
Our hilts no more shall boast our Mistresse face
We'l have thy picture cut into that place.

Thy Tombe ſhall be our Altar, we will truſt
Leſſe to our Caſtles powder, than Thy Duſt.

Francis Palmer.

An

An Elegy on the right Honorable Sir HORATIO VEERE, Baron of *Tilbury*, late Generall of the *English* in the Vnited Provinces.

SHould we the *Spaniards* ruin'd Forces aske,
They'l tell us VEERE is dead, joyfull to maske
Thy worth i'th' winding sheete, and now first dare
To pry into Thy Greatnesse, view and square,
Thy Actions, when they are sure Th'art dead,
On th' Name which once was Thunder boldly tread,
Sure He was Warlike that alive could boast
More Terror, than His Gastly Corpes or Ghost.
Others strong bodies, Poets dare to call
The Armies Rampire, or a living Wall.
His eye was more like Wild-fire 't could Command
Death surer than another's Pike or hand:
And yet how pious was He, you might say
He fought still for the Altars, and did sway

Iuſtice 's own ſword, His ardency in War
Was zealous heat, not fury, every Scar
Put him in mind o'th' Paſſion; Drum and Flute
Were never heard to make the Organs mute.

Lameneſſe ſuppreſs'd Thee not, when thou with Grace
Went'ſt on unequall legs a wav'ring pace:
Thou ſeemd'ſt above thy ſelfe, and yet beneath
Thy *Vertues*, which could tyre fames longeſt breath:

Wound's ſet Thee upright, He that dares be Lame
Or halt by th'ſword, knowes how to leane on Fame.

John Godfrey.

To

To the happy memory of Sir HORATIO VEERE, Baron of *Tilbury*, &c.

YOu that have powerfull skill to cheate the Eye
With cunning *Shaddows*, and faire *Imagerye*
That can infuse into your rare designes
A seeming *Life*, by well proportioned Lines;
And give such *Motion* too, that we admire
Your *Pencill* equall with *Prometheus* fire,
Ioyne *Phansies*, and conspire in every *Part*,
To make a generall *Master-piece* of *Art*.
Paint me a *Mars*, his *Fauchion* in his Hand,
In his *Brow Valour*, in his *Eye Command*;
Throughout his *Face* a sterne strong *Beauty* such
As can endure the *Sun beames* scorching touch,
Or *winters* keener *Breath*, than chose the *Strength*
Of close compacted *Limbs*, rather than *Length*:

Let Him be mounted on a *Fiery Steed*
Of fierceſt Courage, and the choyceſt *Breed*,
Proud of his Riders managing, from whence
He ſeemes inſpir'd with Mind, as well as *Senſe*.
For your By-Drought pitch me a Battle fought,
And all-moſt to a certaine Iſſue brought
Where to retreat were *Valour*, and to be
The Conquer'd was a kind of *Victory*
Draw ſome purſuing, others flying: Heere
Let Divers ſtand hurt not 'wth Shot, but Feare,
There Youngſters proud of eaſy Wounds, whoſe *Skars*
More than their Service ſhew they 've been 'nth' Wars,
And there an upſtart Lord, who came to th' field
To make that Scutchion, which was meant a Shield:
Then paint the Victors by the Generals skill
Leading their Foes as Captives to their Will:
Diſcribe the famous *Newport*, where *Alone*
He excell'd other Armies and His own;
Here, when the Souldiers Stars like fell away,
He ſolely like the Sun, order'd the Day
Make Him the Governour too of *Brill*, where He
Single did ſhew whole *Councels Policy*,

Although

hough ſome thought (and [a] ſuch too who had far
ch'd into th' ſubtle Stratagems of War)
Sluce invincible; yet here at length
muſt be yeelded to His *Perſons* ſtrength.
nd then diſcribe what *Truſt*, what *Fame* and State
s own Arme purchas'd in th' *Palatinate*.
w if *Mart-Grave* of *Anſburgh* had obey'd
e ſubtle and ſure Rules His Providence lay'd
e preſent *Auſtrean* Forces then alone
d not been vanquiſh'd, but the *Region*
nd the *Palatinate* had ſafely ſtood
lowing in Milk and Hony, not in Bloud.
Then make [b] Two Armies each in th'others ſight
nd ſhew how His Retreat though in the night
as not a blind Deſigne, but prov'd to be
he light which ſav'd them from their Enemy;
hough He was here of all ſupplies bereft,
et to return He ſtill had ſpirit left,
nd as an Oake, made bare by Winters cold,
ath ſtill its ſtrength ſo when forlorne He's bold.
Then tell Vs how the *States* humbly obey
is Councels, and by Them did others ſway:

[a] The P. of Orange & others that perſwaded him not adventure on the ſervice, as being impregnable.

[b] From Opulum to Manhaim.

How

How the *Great Prince* of *Orange* did esteeme
His *Head* beyond the Richest *Diademe*

These done to the Life, the *Figure* will appeare
Presenting None but honourable VEERE.
In whose brave Frame (for which 'twas chiefly built)
The noble *Genious* of *All Souldiers* dwelt,
His shade thus drawn would conquer, we should see
His Image sent against the *Enemy*.

And yet how poore will these *Perfections* prove?
Here we might view his *Power*, but not his *Love*,
His Vertues still lye hid, here no One sees
His forwardnesse to teach *War-Mysteries*,
How He by Precept and Example too,
Would shew the meanest Souldier where to go,
He not on's Foes alone, but on's Sins trod,
His Prayers with *Holy Violence* conquer'd *God*
Though *He* with Rabels of Religious meet,
Yet always He escap'd the *Tempters Net*,
Keeping *His Soule* untainted, and so came
Home like the God He worship'd, STILL THE SAME
I'one hand His *Prayer-Book*, th'other held His Sword,
O how in Him all vertues did accord!

, Valour, Piety !———

But *Painters* ceaſe, here draw your largeſt Vayle,
Buſie your Thoughts, for now your hand muſt fayle,
VEERE's *more Heroique Parts do fa out-vy*
The rare effects of Arts bold Induſtry.

Edm. Borlaſſe.

On

To the memory of that mo[st] Noble Warriour Sir HORATIO VEERE, Baron of *Tylbury*, &c.

GReat Conqueror of Thy ſelfe, and Men, we dare
In Gownes be valiant too, relating VEERE:
And take that Priviledge to wrong Thy might
By prayſing it in Verſe, yet thinke 'tis right
Though thus t'abuſe the dead 'twill prove no vice,
Or beare the Name of pious Cowardiſe,
We ſentence not Thy Worth to th'narrow Grave,
Or Story forth Thy Name i'th'Epitaph.
The Stone may Book thee Captaine of a Shire
That never muſtred Troops, but in 's own Spheare:
Whoſe Warlik looks put on with rich Array
His ſcarlet Hoſe, not worne ſince th' Wedding day,
Did gravely lead the Traine, reviv'd to heare
Defenſive Armes and Company ſo neare:

Whose martiall Termes well con'd your Rank and File
For good Artillery pass'd and warr'd a while;
Who nere marcht pale but in a Count fight,
And made no use o'th' day, yet look't for night:
Thyne were Outlandish fights, although ev'n there
Thy Native passions most oth' Captives were,
Grave reason sway'd the body, and the field,
'Twas but the Judgements taske to make both yeeld
The Towns Thou thought'st to wyn, were now e'recome,
And in Thy Name, not Armes, they felt their doome:
Foes were as Strangers, only till the Field
Whose chiefest slavery was to grant, they yeeld,
No Corps compos'd thy bridge, or marching ground,
'Twas not to Conquer this, but tread 'em down.
Thy Wars were equall Games, the Law and right,
Claym'd greatest part of spoyles i'th' Lord VEERE's fight;
When hottest fields were pitcht, and most Men slaine
'Twas not to Pyrate Towns, but winn againe.
Devotion still was partner with the blow,
Thou didst at once preach Iustice and o'rethrow.
Thou went'st not o're to spoile some forraigne State,
O'r stead of getting Wit, to propagate:

No

No vices learnt with 'Tongues, no Synne of Note
Inducted was with this or that *Buffe Coate.*
'Twas not Thy ayme 'Outlandish Realmes to see,
And once return'd, faile in *Geography:*
To Conne the Map at whome, and point the Town
Where you in th' hotteſt fight lay underground,
Thy Voyage was to fight, not paſſe the Seas,
Thy Countrey not diſpleas'd Thee, but its Peace,
Thou went's to lend Thy wounds, and purchaſe Stars
In forraigne Cauſes, and in borrowed Wars:
Thou like the Shields from Heaven falne, no end,
No Countrey knew, but only to defend.

Samuel Everard.

On

On the death of the right Honorable the Lord VEERE, Baron of *Tilbury.* &c.

WHen VEERE deceaſes, Let none dare to call
His publique Vrne one ſingle funerall.
When ſo much Valour under Marble lyes,
'Tis not one Man, but a whole Troope that dyes:
W'have loſt an Army here; the crowded ſtone,
At ſuch a fall ſhuts up a *Nation.*
This lazy *Epitaph* ſome Tombe may weare,
That the dull Aſhes of one Lord lyes here:
Whilſt ſome perhaps thus brand the milde deceaſe,
The quiet Man went full of Yeares and Peace:
Yet Thou e're ſtrook with Thy own overthrow,
Who meaſured'ſt out a ruine to the Foe:
Thou who in War wert thought Death's Magiſtrate,
As if alone Thou might'ſt diſpence all Fate,

Who cut those threads off, which were *Clotho's strife*
To draw into a larger web of Life
Who *Atropos* not ready, nor her Sheares,
Did'st with Thy sword unravell future Yeares;
Be this the honor of Thy *Epitaph*,
To have Thy Victories writ o're Thy Grave,
And would Thy Conquests sound! which to rehearse
Would act an other Conquest on All Verse;
No Poetry would ever rise so far,
As the plaine Comments of Thy fatall War,
Let others strive for doubtfull Mastery,
And after triall dearer Victors be,
Thou still into the openest field did'st come;
Not to encounter, but fulfill a Doome,
Thus Thy approach still judg'd the Enemy
Who was not vanquisht, but condemn'd to dye;
Thy presence startled danger; Then all were,
All but the Enemies selfe, secur'd from feare.
Now this exalts our thoughts, we feele a flame
Spring in our Veines, as lighted from thy Name
Thus rais'd we do even wish an Enemy,
He's almost Souldier that but writes of Thee.

Now

Now I behold Thy forward ſpirit fly
With halfe a wing to dare the Enemy,
Thou ſcornd'ſt an equall figure, nor diſt ere,
Esteeme of Number as Preſage in War.
Yet conquer'd'ſt ſo, as if Thy Men ſtill lay
In ambuſh clos'd and unſeen, got the day
Or as like *Cadmus* race from out the ground
Grew into Armour, borne t'inflict a wound
But that a forraigne Blood, They only ſhed
And fought not till they left themſelves all dead;
So that the greatfull Enemy would ſware,
This leſſen'd all His Troupes to looke on VEERE
When He ſumm'd o're His men, it did appeare,
He reckon'd heads, and thou the Souldier.

Now I behold Thee lead an Army, tyr'd
In a long March, only by Thee inſpir'd
Still to renew the War, and grapple ſo,
As if they ſhould refreſh them on the Fo,
How they their load of Armour all unbrace,
And with a nakedneſſe defend the Place:
Stifled with weight and ſweat, how they lay by
Their aids, and do themſelves get Victory.

Thus with thy ſpirit arm'd they nothing feare,
Vnleſſe a *Truce, the ſad delay of war.*

So wert *Thou* verſt in *Horrors* and through *All*
At length arriv'dſt to a ſlow *Funerall*
Thou even in dangers did'ſt grow old, as if
Ruine and ſlaughter did preſerve Thy Life.
Thus *Salamanders* live in flames, whilſt you
Lay on more Pile, Y'increaſe their vigour too;
Whilſt thus to others You prepare an Vrne,
You give a life heere if You let them burne.
Whoſe Actions all ſeem'd above Nature *Thou*
At Thy decreaſe, art grown a *Wonder* too;
For if an ancient Marriner we ſtyle,
Only a long liv'd aged *Miracle,*
May not a *Reverend Hoary Leader* paſſe
For a gray *Wonder,* ſuch as our VEERE was,
Since in more deſperate ſtubborne waves ev'n *He*
Swam oft through Bloud, worſe than the Marriner Sea,
Thus free 'mongſt dangers ſpite of Enemies Fate,
To All but our deſires Thou did'ſt dye late,
Had'ſt Thou ſurviv'd a while, we All ſhould ſweare
Poets miſtooke their other *God of War.*

But

weariedd now of life since Thou did'st know
was a *prize* too great for any Foe;
ch as no dart could ravish from Thee, till
ou did'st Thy selfe Command the Dart to kill,
en Thou retyrd'st from War, Thy other Home
nd left'st the *Campe* only to gaine a Tombe:
o act whose Ease would prove our Victory
ourage nere ownd a *Genius* but Thee:

W. Towers.

FINIS.

There hath been (of late) such crowding to the Presse, that in the sweat its now in: some letters (happily) have made a faint Impression: *But for other* faults *they are generally Accents, and you may help them in the sound: the reall mistakes are these.*

Page 10. *line* 13: *read* gave. *l.* 15, *r.* our Army. *p.* 28. *l.* 5 *r.* reeking. *p.* 36. *l.* 7. *r.* lasts. *p.* 58. *l.* 6. *r.* conveyes. *p.* 63 *l.* 4. *r.* proportion'd. *p.* 72. *l.* 7. *r.* How *for* And.

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54

John Whitmore

His Book

1700

Josias Whitmore

His Book

SATYRES:
AND
SATYRICALL EPIGRAMS:

With
Certaine Obſeruations at *Black-Fryers*?
By H: F: Of LINCOLNES-INNE Gent:

Horat: Serm: Lib. 1.

— — — — — — — — Nil mî officit vnquam
Ditior hic aut eſt quia Doctior: eſt Locus vnicuiq; ſuus: — — — — — — — — —

It neuer vexeth me a whit
That this man hath more welth or wit:
Euery one hath where he may ſit.



LONDON
Printed by *Edw: All-de*, for *Miles Patrich*, and are to be ſold at his ſhop neare St. *Dnnſtons*-Church in Fleet-ſtreet. 1617.

BRITISH MU



The Author in praiſe of his owne BOOKE.

COmmend my *Selfe*? No! But my *Booke* I may!
And boldly (blameleſſe) 'tis *Praiſe-worthy* ſay.
How ſo? The ſenceleſſe Subſtance well may plead
My *Selfe* I was not, when the *Booke* I made.

Of his deare Friend the Author, H. F.

OF what is heere thou'lt not haue any write
Prayſes: that willing, would: and iuſtly might,

Permit me then! For Ile *Praiſe* what I ſee
Deficient heere (thy name FITZ-IEOFFERY,)

Where Engliſh FITZ aright, and I ha' done
So rightly art thou called IEOFFERYES-Sonne.

Then adde time *Age* but to thy induſtry,
In thee againe will liue *Old*-IEOFFERY.

NATH: GVRLYN.

The Author's Answer.

OF what is *Heere* I forbid any *Write*
Praiſes. Why? Nothing *Heere* can merite it:

Yet Ile *Permit* thee. Thoul't but *Praiſe* my *Name.*
And that's *Deficient.* Then *Praiſe* not for ſhame

Where do (FITZ) *right*: *Write*, place it to ỹ minde:
Stil *rightly* muſt (FITZ) IEOFFERYES come behind
(wrought:
French muſt turne *Engliſh* firſt, (ſtrange wonders)
(*Olde*) be a new *Borne*: The (*Sonne*) brought to
(nought.

HORAT: *De Arte Poeti.*

NVnc ſatis eſt dixiſſe, Ego mira poemata pango:
Occupet extremum ſcabies!

Anglicè ſic

NOw 'tis inough to ſpeake,
I wondrous Poemes make:
Then, Diuell the hindmoſt take.

Satyra prima.

LIB: I.

WHo'd not at venture *Write*? So many waies
A man may proue a *Poet* now a daies?
Does *Nature* witt afford to breake a Ieſt?
This is a *Poet*: and his friends proteſt
He is to blame he *Writes* not: when (indeed,)
Th'Illiterate Gull can neither *write* nor *read*.
Let *Nature* faile! Takes he but ſo much *Paine*,
To *write obſcurely*: adding ſo much *Braine*,
As end his crabbed ſenceleſſe verſe in *Rime*:
This might a *Poet* beene in *Perſeus* time.

And

And more! (Though *Horace* in his book reherſes)
(Nature and Arte are both requir'd in Verſes.)
There are thoſe, of their *Poetry* will vaunt,
Which do (God wote) both *Wit* & *Learning* want:
I know them! Such as they at Table ſit
Each *Ieſt* you ſpeake, will to a *Metre* fit.
And thus your *Witt's* ſell for their priuate gaine
And bee accouted *Poets* for their paine.
Others there are, that *Others workes* ſuruay,
And muſt from all thinges ſome thing *filtch* away.
Who if to weaker *Braines* they can vnfolde
A *Learned Author*: nick a Phraſe thats olde:
Or change but one word in a line or two: (ſo?
Straight all's their owne, they *write*, who doubts it
When I wood ſcarce beleeu't, though they, in fine,
To euery Verſe ſubſcribe: *By Ioue 'tis mine.*
Nor is't inough they this in priuate ſhow,
But theſe are *Poets*, all the world muſt know.

Satyres.

'Tis ſtrange to ſee what ſtretching is of *Wits*,
What ſpare of ſpeech this plentious *Preſſe* begets.
Some (if you keepe them company) you'l finde
As choiſe to breake a *Ieſt* as to breake winde.
And what's the reaſon thinke ye? Onely this:
All they can ſpeak's too little for the *Preſſe*.
Where 'tis not loſſe of *Friend*, *Life*, *Libertie*,
Shall cauſe them keepe a *Ieſt* in ſecrecy.
Others haue helpes: when their *Inuention* faile,
Straight they begin abuſiuely to raile.
Then out comes *Whelps of the olde Dog*: for ſport:
Shall barke at Great ones: bite the meaner ſort:
When the On-ſetters (after all their paine:
For feare, woo'd gladly call them in againe.
And theſe will *Poets* bee accounted too:
Becauſe they *Dare* doe more then others doe.
Though they their *Verſes write*, (a man may ſay:)
As Clown's get Baſtards, and ſtraight runne away.

Montanus

Montanus needes will bee a *Poet!* why?
Becauſe the *Muſes* on a *Mountaine* hy
Inhabited. *Peto* for that his *Name*
Denotes him *Poet* in the Anagrame:
And Quaint *Caſtilio*: (ſince his Father dy'd!)
Who many *Volumes* publiſh't: and beſide
Diuers neglected, Left vnto his Son:
Which dubbes him *Poet*, by præſcription.
True! And *Caſtilio* will approued bee,
Or he will *Print* his Fathers *Legacy*.
And marke *Criſippo*, but what ſhifts he'l finde,
Ere he'l bee counted once to come behinde,
In euery *Booke* he will beſpeake afore:
The comming out, roome for halfe a ſcore
Or a dozen *Verſes*, which he'l hugely puffe
With commendations of the Authors ſtuffe.
And in *Hyperbolyes* his *Name* extoll
Yond *Homer*, *Virgill*, *Ouide*, *Iuuenall*.

Vouching no better *Volume*, ere was *Writ*,
And that himſelfe hath had a *Hand* in it.
Oh this vaine-*Praiſe*-*Affecting Poetry*
Is a *bewitching*-*itching Leoproſie*: (*Braine*,
That makes men *Rub*, *ſcrub*, *rouz* and *touz* their
Pump their *Pates* dry for *Ieſts*: and all to gaine
So much *Report*: might ſerue to make them vaunt,
They are *Applauded* (though of *Ignorant*.) (ill)
They'l *ſnatch*, and *ſcratch*, and *ſcrape* (though nere ſo
And rather ſmart then holde their fingers ſtill:
Be there a Citty ſhow: or fight at Court:
Of Acts Heroicke: or of Princely ſport:
(which right to *write* of, or in Type to tell:
Might taxe a *Daniels* or a *Spencers* quill.)
Marke how theſe hungerbit *Inuentions* ſcud
To eye! to ſpy! All for no other good
Then onely this! poore this! But to obtaine:
Some fodder for their needy greedy ſtraine.

See then how (*Enuy*) gin's her eyes to fat
On dainties plenty, and repines thereat:
How muttering *Momus* (that knowes not to bite,)
Grumbles and mumbles mouthfuls out of ſpite.
How curriſh (*Critticks*) moſt ſeuerely harke:
Ready at each ſound of applauſe to barke.
How all together, and how each a part
Stretch, retch, faine, ſtrain, Inuention, Iudgement Art,
Raile, Lybell: what not? Rather then labour looſe
Ieſt on your Geſture: or be-lye your cloathes.
A ſubiect fitter for a Beadles fiſt
Then the tart lines of a ſmart Satyriſt.
Let Natures cauſes (which are too profound
For euery blockiſh ſottiſh *Pate* to ſound.)
Produce ſome *monſter*: ſome rare *ſpectacle*:
Some ſeauen yeares *Wonder*: Ages *miracle*:
Bee it a worke of nere ſo ſleight a waight,
It is recorded vp in *Metre* ſtraight,

And counted purchaſe of no ſmall renowne,
To heare the *Praiſe* ſung in a Market-towne.
How many *Volumes* lye neglected thruſt
In euery Bench-hole? euery heape of duſt?
Which from ſome *Gowries* practiſe, *Powder* plot,
Or *Tiburne Lectur's*, all their ſubſtance got:
Yet toſſe our Time-ſtalles youll admire the rout
Of careleſſe feareleſſe *Pamphlets* flye about.
Bookes, *made of* Ballades: Workes: *of* Playes,
Sightes, *to be* Read: *of my* Lo: Maiors *day's*:
Poſt's, *lately ſet forth*: *Bearing* (*their Backe at*)
Letters, *of all ſorts*: *An intollerable Packet.*
Villains diſcouery, *by Lanthorn and Candle-light*:
(*ſtrange if the author ſhould not ſee it to hãdle right*)
A Queſt *of* Inquirie: (Iacke a Douer's)
The Ieſts *of* Scoggin: *and diuers others*
(*which no man Better the* Stationer *knowes*) *then*
Wonderfull Writers; Poets *in* Proſe.

What

Satyres.

What poſte pin'd *Poets* that on each baſe *Theame*,
With Inuocations vexe *Apollo's* name.
Springes for Woodcockes: Doctor Merriman:
Rub and a good Caſt: Taylor *the Ferriman*.
Fennor, *with his* Vniſounding Eare word;
The vnreaſonable Epigramatiſt of Hereford:
Rowland *with his* Knaues *a murriuall*;
Nor worth the calling for, a fire burne em all:
And number numberleſſe that march (vntolde)
Mongſt *Almanacks* and *Pippins*, to be ſolde.

Apologie.

THeſe *Ill* which berter *Dare* thē know to *wrigh*
Makes thoſe (I know) not *dare* w better might
For who iſt now attempts to Print, but knowes,
He muſt be one or cenſured on, of *Thoſe*!

Satyres.

For my part (Gallants) it was nere my hap,
On high *Pernaſſus Top*, to take a nap:
Or the Diuine *Nine* ſiſters *Fount* to ſee:
Whence I might ſteale a ſip of *Poetry*.
Theſe *Idle Verſes* (which I *Idle* made)
None but the *Idle* I requeſt to read:
Then what *Applauſe* looke I for, all may gueſſe,
When none may *looke* for *Praiſe* from *Idlenes*.

Finis Saty: Prima.

Satyra Secunda.

A Moral Satyre.

Quidam *Sunt* *& non* *Videntur.*
Videntur *Sunt*

A Morall Satyre.

Proæmium.

I Taxe no Times, I beare no *Furyes* ſcourge:
I bring no powerfull *Fountaine* ſpringes to purge
This vicefull *Lerna*, this *Augean* ſtye,
From long neglected noyſome filthery.
Vaunt *Varlots* then: *Grizely Tartarian curres*:
Vice-Pack-horſes: *Swaines* of inchanting *pleaſures*:
Wallow in Lake of *Leaudneſſe*: racket: yell
And all the world with thundring vproare fill,
Till angry *Ioue* his *Chaos* drench agen
And a new nature of milde molde begin. (woo'd
Yet knowe (*Earths Of-ſcums*) I haue force, and
Vncaſe, vnlaſe, your Leaudnes: make ye ſcud:
Laſh at Lines length: and inſtrike ſuch a print,
Shu'd make ye ſtartle, had ye hartes of flint,
Coo'd I finde Patrons to maintaine me in't.

Satyra.

BVt range my *Muſe*! find out ſome freſher *Game*,
Some *Mayden matter*, ſome vnchaſed *Theame*.
Beat through ỹ throwes of theſe diſordered *times*.
The thorny thickets of contagious crimes,
And rouz from ſquat, purſue with æger cry,
The lurking Leaudneſſe, ſtrong ſcent villany,
Of thoſe cloſe *Foxes*, who (in milder skins)
Inuey, and gueſſe inuectiuely at Sinnes:
Bite with ſharpe cenſure: and ſeuerely ſcan
The inward *Vertues*, by the outward man.
Beſhrow mee (Sirs) if I dare ſtrout in ſtreet,
Winke at a *Window*: A *God-dam-me* greet:
Vſher a *Lady*: but ſalute her *Glone*:
Or *Kiſſe* a Maide for manners more then *Loue*:
Cringe to a *Scriuener*: be conuerſing ſeene
In *Ludgate*, with a broken *Citizen*:

Turne oft in *Pauls*: call for a ſtoole o'th *Stage*:
Or walke atended with my *Hackney* Page:
Pace *Turnball, Shorditch, Long-lane:* or *Pickt-hatch,*
Leaſt I be taken by this heedfull watch.
Theſe pickthanke Peſants; that with *Lynceus* eye,
Inſpect mans Actions too Iniuriouſly.
Firſt to yon Maſſe of man: yon loade of *Guts,*
That all he handles in his belly puts:
Who euery meales meate makes a Maſſecry,
Of *Shambles, Poultry, Sea variety.*
How on the Table he his Panch doth reſt,
And ſtuffes it as a Wallet of the beſt.
Yet cloſe his Buttockes rammes vp as in Pound
For feare o'th worſt, to'th'good-behauiour bound.
Snorts at mid-day: yet ſtartles at the ſturre,
Of a betraying Boote, or tel-tale Spurre:
Cryes out of *Faſhions,* as of *Faſting-dayes,*
Rebukes *Exceſſe*: gainſt *Vanityes* inueyes:

Hates *Vice* as *Hunger*: and abhorres to *ſtand*
In ſight of a (Sir reuerence) *Saffron-band.*
Tell him his *Worſhip* is ſo ſtrictly wiſe:
His cloſeſt *Trounces*, full as full of vice.
As wide from *Vertues meane* as Largeſt ſize.
Next to yon *Preſter Iohn*, that Learned *Clarke*:
Who after all my cloſeſt acts doth harke.
A man, that for a *Wiſe one* ſure woo'd paſſe,
Shu'd there but 6. bee, as there 7. was:
Hee heretofore (out of his *Loue* exceeding)
Woo'd euer bee examining my Reading:
Now (more *Officious*) euer *Checking* is:
A ſtrickt *Remembrancer* of all amiſſe.
Bid him bee leſſe in *Office*: more in *Loue*:
Leaſt he ere long *Iacke out of Office* proue.
Laugh, Laugh, *Demorritus*! who can hold to heare
Socraticke Doctors, *Catoes* moſt auſteer.

Roule vp the *Records* of *Antiquity*,
To frame *Abridgements* for youth's *Liberty*.
Accuſe *Wits* folly. *Times* ſtrange alterations:
The vaine expence of cloth conſuming faſhions,
When their allowance was (themſelues can tell)
At leaſt vnto a Codpiſſe halfe an Ell.
Lend me *Athenian* but a while thy light:
To ſcowre the ſcoutes, the Lurking holes of *Spite*,
And execrable *Enuy*: ſee the rout
Of Raſcals: venome *Vermin*, I'le finde out:
Cankermouth'd *Catchpoles*, that in Ambuſh lye,
To wreck, to ſeck *Vertues* æternitie:
With poyſnous blaſt of miſcreant *Infamy*.
(*Iuſtinian*) is too *Fortunate* to beare
The name of *Iuſt*: (*Flora*) too *Curtious* farre
To harbour *Honeſty*: (*Varro*) held to bee
Vaine, for his skilfull vaine in *Poetry*.

(*Fantaſticke*) cannot with his Flaunders feete
Lock'd in his foure-wheele-casket vex the ſtreet:
Knocke in a Tauerne, but his Father heares,
Some 20 Leagues off. *Luxurio* feares
Retaine a ſeruant fairer then his wife:
Nor will *Lorella* in deſpaire of Life
Tell of her ſide-ſtitch or the Belly-ake,
Leaſt ſhe bee ſaid *Lucinas* ayde to lacke.
Who is from ſcourge of *Cenſure* can ſcape free,
Yea (*Temperate Nature*) men will jerke at thee!
How ſuffer ſome but for a *Sanguin Noſe*?
A *Scarlet ſcone*? when each Logitian knowes
'Tis *Vertues* colour. How enuy ſome at
A *Stirrill Chin*? Or a top naked *Pate*?
Emblem of *Truth*, and *Graces*. What reproofe
Goes with a *Limping Leg*? Or *Vulcan Hoofe*?
Yea ſome ſo farre preſume, as to define
Knaues, by their *Bunch-back's*, and their *Goggle-eyne*

When *Accidents* (affirmes the *Stagerite*)
Not Naturall cauſe no note but in Spirit.
Peace then *Melampus*, peace *Albertus*, *Cocles*:
Ptolœmie, *Raſis*, and *Auerroes*.
Gallen, *Palemon*: hence be ſilent all,
Or proue the cunning *Huperphiſicall*.
And all leſſe learn'd in Rules of *Phiſnomy*:
That *Natures notes*, holde markes of *Infamy*.
Elſe (*mincing Madam's*) why doe we (*alas!*)
Pine at your *Pencill* and conſpiring *Glaſſe?* (wheels?
Your *Curles*, *Purles*, *Perriwigs*, your Whal eb one-
That ſhelter all defects from head to heeles.
Making but *Good* what theſe count *Vicious*:
Yet not iniuſtly termed odious.
To ſtrout in *Purple* or rich *Scarlet* dye
With ſiluer barres begarded thriftily:
To ſet in print the *Haire*: Character the *Face*:
Or dye in graine the *Ruffe* for Viſage grace.

Satyres.

To clog the *Eare* with plummets: clag the wreſts
With *Busk-points*, *Ribbons*, or *Rebato-Twiſts*:
From Barbors tyranny to ſaue a locke,
His Miſtris wanton fingers to prouoke:
Such *Trifles*, *Toyes*: in theſe ſharpe *Crittitks* view,
Throwes vs in number of the damued *Crue*.
As if a *Frounced*, *pounced*, *Pate* coo'd not,
As much *Braine* couer, as a *Stoike* cut.
Or practicke *Vertue*, might not lodge as ſoone
Vnder a *Silken*, as a *Cynicke* gowne.
Fond fond *Philoſophers*: who e're definde
Vertue a *Habite* of the *Cloathes* but *minde*?
Tell me (preciſely) what auailes it ware,
A Bongrace Bonnet, *Eye-brow ſhorter Haire*?
A Circumcized Ruffe? *Conuerting Eye*?
In Sadneſſe? *Yes* Indeed? *Yea* Verily?
To beare a Bible *euery* Edifying *day*
Of an Armefull, (*beſide the* Apochriphay?)

To carry no more cloath then skin: to shoe
The Stockens worne at Knees, the Shooes at Toe?
If thou but nod at *Fryers*, Or be tane
Cloasly conuerting an impure Queane?
Found in a *Morgage*, not a minute spare?
Or turne *Informer* for a demyshare.
Who *Vertue* holdes a bare apparant *Good*,
Makes nothing *Vice*, that may assume a hood,
A vaile of *Well*, pure *honesty* no more
Then flat *Hypocrisie*: a painted Whore. (lesse)
Countes nothing more (when indeed nothing
Then others mens *Opinions Happines*.
And *Vertue* (rare!) All thinges to be at *End*:
When euery action needs to *Good* must tend.
Giue me a *Genius*: a well tempred minde
which no *Feare* vrge: no *Syren* note can winde
From way of *Right*: that doth all *Good* approue
For no Good else, but for bare *Vertues* Loue.

Whome

Whome not *Cymerian* darknes, more then day:
Nor *Gyges Ring* could corrupt any way.
A Minde well mounted, that will ſcoffe at *Hate*,
Trample on *Fortune*, feircel'Incounter *Fate*,
Spurne at the ſound of *Vulgar praiſe* as baſe:
Spit a defiance in proud *Enuyes* face:
An armed *Conſcience* that dares grapple with
A muſter of *Opinions*, in the teeth:
Who though a *Theater* ſhould ſtriue bring out
His cloſeſt groſeſt *Faults*, and all about
Set on to barke: durſt boldly ſtand it out.
Who thinks to trauerſe ſo vpright the Stage
(Free from *Contrôle*) of this *Cenſorious Age*:
Or aimes in Action at the *Vulgar grace*,
Of *Hydra-Headed* multitude, *Applauſe*;
Need frame him ſelfe a *Nature* that will brooke
As many ſhapes as euer *Proteus* tooke.
To crye *God ſaue you* with a Courtly grace,

To *Kiſſe the Hand*, to lay at *Foote* the *Face*;
To act the *Croſ-point Longey* ſleightly: (
Is held *Affecting Proud Humility*.
To *Vaile* the *Bonnet*: ſtiffe as *Elephant*,
A Furlong off to caſt a *Complement*:
To titch the Brimmes: or ſcarce to ſpeake at all:
Wee ſtately, ſcornefull, hatefull *Geſture* call.
And careleſſe carriage argues, *Loues* neglect:
In beſt indeauours Critticks *finde defect*.
Let me no oftner then *Apollo* appeare
To *Laugh*, to skip (like *Phœbus*) once a yeare,
To goe more formall then my wonted faſhion,
Corrected in my Taylours laſt Edition.
To rectifie my *Fore-top*: or aſſume,
For one nights Reuels a 3. ſtory Plume:
(Though ſome will *Laſſes* weare, and *Leekes* as oft,
And with a more (perchance) Ambitious thought,)
Straight 'tis ſurmiſed, rumord round about

Satyres.

I roare, I ſcore, I lauiſh, laſh it out.
Triſle *Times* Treaſure: And keepe open port,
To all Companions of licentious ſort.
When in a day or two, being found alone,
Hemmed in the hopefull habite of a *Gowne.*
By me a *Plowdon* or a *Littleton.*
Lord! what a new bred fame gins hence to paſſe,
How I am changed from the man I was?
Thus I can expectation falſify:
Weary out *Cenſure* in vncertainty:
Redeeme *Time* as I liſt: proue *Want of Wit*
In thoſe that moſt inuectiue jerke at it:
And moſt precize, of greateſt vice condemne.
Making my *Faults* theirs: by *Belying* them.
Know I can Frolique be with *(Fregio)*
Court it in Compteſt phraſe with *(Curio.)*
Come deepe the Caſter: and Carouce it free.
(As farre as *Vertues* limites Licence mee.)

In

In as rich *Grograns*, *Sattins*, *Tiſſues*, goe
As *Florence*, *Carles*, *Tartary* can ſhowe.
Meet, and crye farwell, to thoſe ſpirits bolde
By *Piſtoll tenure* that their Liuings holde,
Confer with Crop-eard knights ath'poſt; heare tell
Of *Stangate* prizes, and of *Shooters* Hill,
Of *Brothells*, *Stewes*, of vileſt *villanies*,
And learne out *Vertue* by her contraries.
Fond *Affectation*, to be counted *Great*,
To be *The man held*: to be pointed at.
Ie're neglected. *Singularitye*
May ſometimes vertue be: nere *Policye*.
Who is a man of Note (note this from me)
Is ſure ne're to offend in *ſecrecie*:
To liue in *Bondage* in *Fames Iealoſie*.
Tis not the mouthfull of mans breath I care,
Nor ſeuere Cenſure of ſtrict *Critick*s feare
In ſpite of *Enuy*, *Hate* 'twas neuer known:

But euer *Fame* will *Vertue* waite vpon;
And now, when *Vertue Vice* is held: whome is't
We may not *Praiſe* or *Diſpraiſe* as wee liſt?

THen (*Snarling curres*) turne to this gally ſlyme.
Feed on the putrid ſubſtance of my *Ryme*,
Heer's *Hotch-pot*: *Soſſe*: prouided filling ſtuffe
Shall finde your greedy *Cenſures* worke inough.
Where if I finde ye! Or but ſpie a traine:
A freſh haue at yee (*Varlots*) once againe.

FINIS.

To his worthy Friend vpon theſe *Satyres*.

Satyres in Engliſh? I pray God your fate,
Send's you not into the world too late
To proue there may be ſuch: For there ha's bin
So much deceit in *Satyres*, 'tis a *Sin*
(Almoſt) to hope for good ones: They who beſt
Haue done, haue onely *Dar'd*: and more expreſt
Their *Paſſions*, then a *Poem*. Nay eeuen all
Doe but conuert their little Braines to gall:
And bee it *bitter* once they care not then
How *venomous* it be. Which errors when
I ſee, and ſee how well approu'd they are,
'Tis more then miracle, Your's be ſo farre
Diſtinguiſhed. And that you ſuruiue to *Write*,
More out of true diſcerning then of *Spite*.

I. STEPHENS.

THE SECOND BOOKE: OF *Satyricall Epigram's.*

RE

To his True Friend *Tho: Fletcher* of LINCOLN'S-INNE Gent:

TOM!) 'twas thy *Speeches* did me firſt poſſeſſe
Theſe *ſcattered Epigramm's* deſeru'd the *Preſſe*.
VVhoſe Learned *Iudgement*, and *Loue*, I knew ſuch,
Might wel *Commend*, and *Command*, twice as much.
If (*Reader*) then heer's ought may breed delight,
Giue halfe the thankes to him it brought to light.
Nor bluſh not (*Tom*!) nor blame not! that I ſeeme,
Thee the halfe-parent of my *Booke* to deeme.
Heer's nought but *Good* (if nothing they *miſ-ſcan*!)
Let *Critticks*, *Momus*, *All*, ſay what they can!
Th'are *Good*: who doubts it? not, for ought I know:
Yet *Good* Ile ſweare: becauſe *Thou* ſaiſt th'are ſo.

Satyricall Epigrammes.

Ad Emptorem. Epig: 2.

THeſe *Epigrams* thou ſee'ſt whoſe are they? (mine?
No! The *Book-binders*: buy thē, they are thine.

In Thraſonem. Epig: 2.

SInce *(Thraſo)* met one ſtoutly in the field,
He cracks his *Spirit* knowes not how to yeeld.
Looks big! Sweares! ſtroutes with ſet-ſide armes & ſtreets:
Yet gently yeelds the wall to all he meets.
And to his Friend that askes the reaſon why
His Anſwer's this: *my ſelfe I grace thereby.*
For euery one, the common Prouerbe knowes:
That *All-wayes to the Wall the weakeſt goes.*

Of a Rayling Clyent.
Epig. 3.

I Call'd one *Knaue*: who anſwered: (*Sir*) not ſo!
The *Knaue doth all-way's with the Lawyer goe.*
How could I well but well approue his ſpeech?
Each *Lawyer* walkes, his *Clyent* at his breech.

Of Debt. Epig. 4.

TO bee *Indebted* is a *ſhame* (men ſay!)
Then 'tis *Confeſſing* of a *ſhame*, to *Pay.*

In Medicum. Epig. 5.

WHen (*Mingo*) cries *How do you ſir!* tis thought
He *Patients* wanteth? & his practic's nought.
Wherefore of late now euery one he meeteth,

Satyricall Epigrams.

With *Sir I'm glad to see you well* hee greeteth.
But who'l beleeue him now, when all can tell
The world goes *Ill* with him when all are *Well?*

Against the Accademicks of their abusiue
*Ignoramus. Epig. 6.

THe *Law is* in our *Hands*! How dare ye then
Abusiue bee? Cause ye are *Law-lesse men*:
Your fault was great! but wee neglect the same,
For ye excuse your *Error* in the **Name*.

In Cornutum. Epig. 7.

ONe tolde his wife a *Harts-head* he had bought
To hang his Hat vpon: and home it brought,
To whome his frugall Wife: what needs this care?
I hope (*sweete Hart*) your *Head* your hat can beare.

No-lawes Reformation.
Epig: 8.

SInce *(No-law's)* Father did him Counſaile giue
And ſaid, hee onely by his *Booke* muſt liue.
Ha's bought the *Law*: and vowes his life to mend,
And moſt on's time will in his *Studdy* ſpend.
And (doubtleſſe) ſo he meanes, for wot ye why?
Has cha ng'd his *Bed*, and doth in's *Studdy* lye:
How like ye *(No-law)* now? Is hee not wiſe?
Thus he is certaine by the *Law* to *Riſe*.

Of Lucus *and his long Haire.*
Epig: 9.

LVcus long locks down to his ſhoulders weares:
And why? He dares not cut them *for his Eares*.

Satyricall Epigrams.

Franciſco's Trauels. Epig: 10.

TEn monthes (I take it) are not fully gone,
Sinee bolde *(Franciſco)* croſt the *Seas* alone.
VVho late returned (one woo'd thinke it much)
A compleat *Linguiſt*: skilfull in the *Duteh.*
And more (if you knew all) for wot yee what?
In the *Low-cuntry's* hee the *French* hath got.

Of Braggado and his Valour. Epig: 11.

GIue one bad word out comes *Braggadoes* ſword,
And ſweares (in rage) to ſheath it in your guts.
But draw and ſtifly ſtand vnto your word,
And gently vp againe his blade he puts.
Craues your acquaintance: vowes he loues all ſuch
As on their *Reputation* ſtand ſo much.

But bee he *One* that can his wroth containe,
He *Scornes* to ſtrike him! Hee'l not ſtrike againe.
When will *Braggado* then his manhood proue?
When hee meets one he doth not *ſcorne*, or *Loue*.

Of Duke *and his* Impriſonment.
Epig. 12.

Vke Jlyes for *Debt*, yet nothing owes he'l ſweare.
Beleeu't, 'tis falſe, as ſure as hee *Lyes* there.

Againe:
Of Duke *and the Debt*.
Epig. 13.

Vke's not in debt: yee doe him wrong to ſay it:
The *Debt* is – God knowes whoſe. His that will pay it.

(Guido's) *Bounty.*
Epig. 14.

GIft-gobling *Guido* alwayes, as he takes,
Vnto his Friend this hopefull anſwere makes.
I thanke you kindely: You haue beene at coſt:
But (if I liue) you ſhall not finde it loſt.
Then can I euer hope to liue and finde
Cloſe-fiſted *Guido* in the *Giuing* minde?
Nor can I thinke *guifts loſt*, though *Guido dye?*
For who can *looſe* that he doth *Giue away?*

Of Lawyers. Epig. 15.

SOme, *Lawyers* praiſe: & ſome their ſect defame:
The firſt I cann't: the laſt I will not blame.
Nor yet eſteeme *Thoſe* leſſe *Praiſe-worthy*, when
All *loue* not *Vertue*: No not moſt of men.

Whom

VVhome *All* men *Praiſe* I *praiſe* him not at all,
But rather him a *Temporizer* call.
When *Two* contend for, what but *One* muſt haue,
Who can doe Right and eithers fauours ſaue?
When one mans *Loſſe* anothers *Game* doth make,
And *Looſers* muſt, and will haue leaue to ſpeake.
Then (*Gentle Lawyers,*) thinke it more then well,
If the hatefe part of men your *Praiſes* tell.

To his Fellow Students.
Epig. 16.

TO *Riſe* by *Law*, a *Life* wee couet all.
Why? 'Tis *Death* to vs, by the *Law* to *Fall.*

Of Himſelfe. Epig. 17.

A Friend of mine, (and yet no friend to mee,)
Comes oft and craues my *Epigram's* to ſee.

He waighes each word, & highly doth cómend 'em
And much intreats me to the *Presse* to send 'em.
Thus (*Foole!*) my *Labour's* I let him pertake,
That *Labour's* mee a *Foole* imprint to make.

Of Phantasmo a Mistris Boaster.
Epig. 18.

FY! fie (*Phantasmo!*) cease to raise
Such *Trophaeis* in thy Mistris *Praise*.
Shee's *Faire!* what then? The house most white
Seeme *Venus Birds* most to inuite.
And *Trees* that faireſt *Fruite* doe beare
VVith *Stones* assaulted oftneſt are.
Shee's *Pretty!* *Witty!* cruell *Wit*,
If not *Wisdome*, Ioyn'd with it!
Shee's *Kinde!* 'Tis true! what better knowne?
VVhat worse? when *Kinde* to more then one.

wrong

Wrong not then my *Pureſt Faire*,
With this meane this skin compare.
Rather by thy *Sonnets*, ſeeke,
To make her *Praiſes Venus* like.
How ere ſhe *Propper*: *Faire* her *Feature*:
Beleeu't ſhee's but a *Common* creature.

In Sextum. Epig. 19.

SExtus) 6. *Pockets* weares: 2. for his *Vſes*:
The other 4. to *Pocket* vp *Abuſes*.

Epig. 20.

KIt) I commend thy care of all I know,
That p*u*n'dſt thy *Cuſhion* for a Pipe of *To* –
Now thou art like (though not to ſtuddy more!)
Yet ten-times *Harder* then thou didſt before.

Satyricall Epigrams.

Cynna's Theft. Epig. 21.

STolne Fruite is ſweete: So cannot *Cynna* ſay,
That *Stole* a Wench, and had her tooke away.

Of Luce *and her* 4. *Husbands*, 3. *of them thus Named*, Small, Forman, Middleton. *Epig.* 22.

LVce) late is left a *Wealthy widdow*:
(How can it other bee then ſo?)
Foure Husbands ſhe hath buryed,
Yet would not ſtick againe to wed,
Which on her *Hand* ſhe thus doth caſt:
Small, Forman, Middleton: And *my Laſt*.
(Counting for euery finger *One*)
Which all (God wot) are dead and gone.
Then *(Luce)* beware a *Fiſt* to take,
Leaſt ſo a *Hand of all you make*.

More-dew's Payment.
Epig. 23.

MOre-dew) the Mercer (with a kinde ſalute)
Woo'd needs intreat my Cuſtome for a *Sute*.
He'r *Sir* (quoth hee) for *Sattins*, *Velvets*, call:
VVhat ere you pleaſe, *Ile take your word for all*.
I thank't! Tooke! Gaue my word! (ſay than?)
Am I at all indebted to this man?

Clyms Account. Epig. 24.

CLym calls his *Wife* and reckoning all his neigh-
Iuſt *Halfe* of them are *Cuckolds* he auer's. (bors
Nay fie (quoth ſhe!) I would they heard you ſpeake
You of your *ſelfe* it ſeemes no *Reckoning* make.

Satyricall Epigrams.

Of Sim, *and his ſpeedy Marriage.*
Epig. 25.

SIx months (quoth *Sim*) a *Sutor* and not ſped?
I in a Sennet did both *Woe* and *Bed.* (ſhake.
: Who greene Fruit *Loues* muſt take long paines to
Thine was ſome *Downe-fall* I dare vndertake.

A Manly Woman the beſt Wife.
Epig. 26.

FAire! *manly*! *Wiſe*! Imagine which of theſe
In Wedlock choiſe would beſt my *fancy* pleaſe?
Of all: giue me the *Woman halfe* a *Man*:
So I ſhall (happy) haue but *halfe a Woman.*

The Womans Anſwer. Epig. 27.

IF *Halfe* a woman beſt your *Humour* fit:
'Twere beſt to *marry* an *Hermophrodite.*

Tom's *good Fortune in being Rob'd.*
Epig. 28.

TOm) tels hee's *Rob'd*, and counting all his *losses*,
Concludes: *All's gone* & world *is full of Crosses.*
If all *be gone (Tom)* take this comfort then,
Th'art certaine neuer to haue *Crosse* agen.

Of Lawyers and Poets.
Epig. 29.

NO mar'le that *Lawyers*, rich: *Poets*, poore liue,
One giues *to* take, *the* other, *takes* to *Giue.*

In Ignotum. Epig. 30.

WHat bred a *Scholler*: borne a *Gentleman*,
Of 5. yeares *standing* an *Oxonian.*

Of perſon *Proper*: of a *comely Feature*:
And ſhall I baſely now turne *Serving-Creature*?
(*Foole!*) hug thy fortune. S'fut't may be thy making
A *Ladyes* proffered *Seruice* not worth taking?
Who her *ſerues* (ſure) ſhall be well *Borne*: (and
One knowne ſufficient for the *Turne before*. (more)
The more thy *Standing*, greater (*Foole*) thy *Grace*.
And thou farre fitter to ſupply the place.
For men in ſeruing *Ladyes* much may *get*,
Then men of *Beſt-parts* ſooneſt they'l admit.

In Spruſam. Epig. 31.

WHen men ſpeake *Baudy* knoweſt thou what's (the matter.
(*Spruſa*) ſo often ſpitteth? (not to flatter!)
The cauſe (I take't) is this: *Her teeth doe water*,

Of the Riming Sculler.
Epig. 32.

HOrace the *Poet*, in his Booke reherſes,
That *Water-drinkers* neuer *make good Verſes.*
Yet I a *Poet* know, And (in his *Praiſe*!)
Hee's one has liu'd by *Water all his day's.*

Sues *Slip.* Epig. 33.

SVe ſwore ſhe *Lou'd* mee: and vow'd faithfully
Neuer to *match* with any but with mee.
Now ſhe hath chang'd her minde: and of *All* men
Will none of *mee.* Hath ſhe not *match't mee* then?

Tell her ſhe *Trifles.* Aske but to what end
She *ſwore* ſhee *Lou'd? She meant but as a Friend.*

Aske why *Loue* tokens ſhe did priuate ſend?
Still ſhee replyes: *She meant but as a Friend.*

Aske why ſh'Inuited mee to walke alone
where ſhe her *thoughts* more fully did make known
Binding with *Oathes*, *Deliuering Hand* on that,
Sealing with *Lippes*, *In Wttneſſe* I know what:
Caſting her ſelfe downe by mee: where I could
And might haue tooke, what *Suerty* I would.
Still *blameleſſe*, *ſhameleſſe*, Shee *will all defend*,
Saying in all: *Shee meant but as a Friend.*
Then bee Suc *ſuch to all her* Friends, *as mee*,
I'ad rat her ſhee my Friend *then* Wife *ſhu'd bee.*

Of Win *and her Sutors.*
Epig: 34.

WIn is much wooed to, but not *wonne* of any:
The troth on't is: *She* doth *admit* too many.

Satyricall Epigrams.

Tym's Studioſity. Epig. 35.

MArke ye how ſtudious (*Tym*) is turnd of late?
How he breakes Company to meditate?
Does hee but thus continue, certainly,
Hee'l bee (at leaſt) a *Sargeant*, ere hee dye.
Hee may doe (doubtleſſe) much! yet I can tell,
Hee'l not come neere a *Sargeant*, by his will.

Ænigma.

A *Begger* once exceeding poore
A penny pray'd mee giue him:
And deeply vow'd n'ere to *aske more*:
And I, nere *more*, to giue *Him*.
Next day he *Begg'd* againe, I *gaue*,
Yet *Both* of vs ont *Oathes* did *ſaue*.

Of

Satyricall Epigrams.

Of an Egregious Whoore.
Epig. 36.

THy *Belly is thy God.* I well may ſay!
All thy care is to *ſerue* it *Night* and *Day.*
Feare then thy *God*: leaſt (whil'ſt thou worſhip ſo!)
He Riſe, and *Helliſh* torments put the to.

Of Felo *and his Poetry.*
Epig. 37.

F*Elo)* that lately kiſt the *Gaole*, hath got
A ſmacke of *Poetry*! yea more then that!
Hee will maintaine none can bee truely ſaid
A *Poet*, that was neere *Impriſoned.*
: *No Bird ſings ſweeter then the Bird in Cage.*
: *And Satyriſts (like Dogs) ty'd, fierceſt rage.*

Thus will fond (*Felo*) proue by Diſputation,
That *New-gate* is the *Muſes habitation.*
But how ſo? when ſome there *cannot* reherſe,
In a *month's* Learning, for their *Liues* a Verſe.

To his Vnconſtant Miſtris.
Epig. 38.

I Dare not much ſay when I *thee* commend,
Leaſt *Thou* bee *changed* ere my *Praiſes end.*

Woman (quaſi) *Woe-man.*
Epig. 39.

HAd I not felt it miſery to *Woe*,
I had beene *marryed* (certaine) long agoe.
Had I *Not marryed*, ſtraight (*Moroco*) ſayes,
I had not once felt Woe *in all my dayes.*

If after *Woman as* before *comes* Woe,
Woe worth the *Man* with *Woman* hath to doe.

For Lawyers. Epig. 40.

I Muſe that *Lawyers* feare no more to *marry* (tarry.
That from their Wiues muſt all the *Terme-time*
O Sir! If *Termely abſence* breeds the *Feare*,
How many *Frights* each *Lawyer*, in a yeare?

Speudall's Pollicie.
Epig. 41.

Nouerint Vniuerſi per præ – Thus began
(*Notario*) read, ere hee'd his *Coyne* forgoe.
Holde (cryes young *Spendall*:) S'fut you marre all
By any meanes my *Father* muſt not know. (man!
For any money I'de not haue it ſo.

Of Liber too wary to Thriue.
Epig. 42.

Liber) is late set vp, and wanteth *Custome*.
Yet great *resort* hath got: but hee'l not *Trust* ('em.
Is not his Loue vnto his Friend the greater?
Hee'l *want* himselfe, ere hee'l see him *a Debtor*.

In Lesbiam, ingratam.
Epig. 43.

WHy I should *Loue thee* I no *Reason* see:
Then *Out of Reason* (Lesbia) *I Loue thee*.

Sir Hughes *mistake*. Epig. 44.

IN *Marriage*, *Woman* promise makes:
To serue her Husband all her Life.

Hence comes it that Sir *Hugh* mistakes:
That *vses Seruants* as his *Wife*.
And further yet the sence doth wrest,
Louing *Her* most that *serues* him best.

In Pontum. Epig. 45.

POntus comes *Posting* almost euery day, (play?
And cryes *How doe you Sir?* Come, what's the
Who doubts but much his labour hee hath lost,
Inere coo'd tell, no more then coo'd the *Post*.

In Milonem. Epig: 46.

MIlo) much blames mee, that in all my *Verse*,
I nothing in my *Mistris Praise* reherse.
Know I haue *Volumes*, and wou'd (I confesse.)
But can not get consent of Her to *Presse*.

Of Wine. Epig. 47.

PHyſitians) *Wine* at *Spring-Time* poyſon call;
I hold! It neuer hurteth but ith' *Fall.*

In Preſbiterum.
Epig. 48.

PResbyter) that of late his *Pariſh* croſt,
By his looſe *Liuing*, hath his *Liuing* loſt.
And will turne *Begger*: hoping by his *Wittes*,
To raiſe a *Benefice* from *Benefitts*
Foole! Studdy better, better meanes to liue.
To *Learned Beggers*, rare, or ne're men giue.
Where *Art* and *Pouerty* together dwell,
'Tis ſhrowdly to bee fear'd all is not well.
Men doe by *Begging Liuings* get (we ſee!)
Yet few get *Liuings* by their *Beggery.*

Satyricall Epigrams.

In Ignotum. Epig. 49.

A *Corniſh* Citizen came to his *Wife*,
Swore he had beene in danger of his life.
How man (quoth ſhee!) Faith pointing but at *One*
Counted the *arrant'ſt Cuckold* in the Towne.
Nay Lord (quoth ſhee!) *what meant you* Man *to ſay*
Eye you forget your Selfe *too bad*, be quiet. (*it?*

The Iealous Man.

I *Care*: I *Feare*: I *Vexe* full ſore:
To *Know* of what would *Vexe* mee more.

The Wittall.

I *Know my Fate*, and that muſt beare,
And ſince I *Know* I need not *Feare*.

Epig. 50.

Epig. 50.

HOw can (*Sir Amorous*) in his *ſute* ſpeede *ill*,
That hath his *Miſtris*, euery where at *Will*.
Then worke thy *Will* of her, for know, of *Olde*,
Tayle Tenure hath been held the *ſureſt* holde.

Incerti Authoris
Of a Bald-man. Epig. 51.

THy *Haires*, and *ſinnes*, no man may æquall call,
For as thy *Sinnes increaſe* thy *Haires* doe *Fall*.

An Anſwer to the ſame.
Epig. 52.

YEs: If thy *Haires fall*, as thy *Sinnes increaſe*,
Both will ere long proue *æquall*, *Numberleſſe*.

In *Philippum.* Epig: 53.

CAll *Phillip, Flat-noſe*, ſtraight hee frets thereat!
And yet this *Phillip* hath a *Noſe*, that's *Flat.*

To his Ingenious Friend Will: Goddard
of his Booke intituled: Waſpes.
Epig. 54.

TRue *Epigrams* moſt fitly *likned* are
To *Waſpes*, that in their taile a ſting muſt beare.
Thine being *Waſpes*. I ſay, (who'ſt will repine!)
They are not *Epigrams* are not *like Thine.*

Amor ex viſu.
Of a Blind-man, Louing.
Epig. 55.

IF *Loue* comes but by *Sight*: (as true we finde.)
Then needs muſt *(Cæco) ſee*: for he is *Blinde.*

Maxima

Maxima amicitia inter æquales.

The *Younger* Brother to the *Elder*.

Epig. 56.

IF *Amongst æquals greateſt Friendſhip bee,*
Our *Loue* was *Beſt* in our minoritie.
When as this mutuall Leſſon wee were taught,
To bee as *Equall* branches from *One* graft.
Then did wee *Goe* and *Grow* alike, as *One*,
No *Difference* had in Education.
So our Affections *Sympathiz'd* in all,
That no euent could come but *mutuall*.
So *Neare* ſo *Deare*, we both did *Loue* and *Liue*,
That each *ones Breath* to each might *Being* giue,
What more? So *Life*, and *Loue*, in all did linke vs,
That *One* that knew vs both, both *one* wou'd thinke (vs,
Which in our *Father bred* this foule miſtake,
Who gaue *One all*, and ſo did *Difference* make.

Unita

Vnitas non eſt numerus.

Epig. 57.

ROme for (*Reuerſio*:) there's but *One*, Ile ſweare
Betwixt him and 5. hundred a *Yeare*.
O happy, thrice (*Reuerſio*) if that *One*,
(As none a *Number*) thou coo'dſt *number none*!

Againe:

Vnus Homo nullus homo.

Epig. 58.

ONe *Man is no man*: Proue that if you can,
(*Reuerſio*) you for euer make a *Man*.

Natura nihil agit fruſtra.

Againſt Painted Women.

Epig. 59.

MOſt are of minde that *Women* are leſſe *Faire*,
And more *Deformed*: then of *Olde* they were.

True! elſe *In vaine woo'd* Nature *labour take*,
To *giue* them *Beauty*, that can *Beauty make*.

To his Hearts concíled Honor.

THen *Thee*, the *Goddeſſe* did *Diuinely* frame,
For her *Art's* glory, and theſe *Artiſts ſhame*.

In Amicam dotem quærentem.
Epig. 60.

(——) Loues me, and woo'd *wed*, but wot ye what?
Vnleſſe I make her *Ioynture* ſhee will not.
And whats this *Ioynture*. *A future Eſtate*
Purchaſt by Prouidence, poſſeſt by Fate.
Whereon to Hopes *vnkindneſſe*, *griefe* t'inioy,
A *Sin*, to *wiſh* for, in it *ſelfe* a *toy*.

A meerly

Satyricall Epigrams.

A meerly neerl' *Inuention*, onely fit
To part falſe hearts, and not to ioyne on it.
Then (—) on Ioynture doe not ſo much ſtand,
: All faithfull *Louers* are not borne to Land.
It breeds *Diſtruſt*: Interres *ſuſpition*
Of other diſlikes, to diſlike thee on.
For was thy *Loue*, ſo firme as *mine*! with me
Thou'dſt thinke no other but to liue and die.

Yet bee't as 'twill! ere Ile my *Loue* forgoe,
For want of what I need not: this Ile doe,
Take mee! Ile play th' *Good-husband*, and I will
Both *Day* and *Night* bee *getting* for thee ſtill.
And what I get (and I will get for *Life*,)
Dying Ile wholly leaue vppon my *Wife*.

If this contents not! marke then what Ile ſay,
: *Dues muſt not bee demaunded till the* Day.

Let (–) then Iuſtly *Ioyne* me to *her* now,
And then aske *Ioynture* when it ſhall grow *Due.*

Of a Lawyer and a Phyſitian,
which the Better man.

Epig. 61.

A Quaint *Phyſitian* that had tooke Degree,
Like in his *Habite* : æquall in his *Fee.*
Being a man of *Vniuerſall grace,*
Contended with a *Lawyer* for the place :
Sir (quoth *Phyſitian*) I am *One* you know
That before Lords and Ladyes vſe to goe.
My *Life* ſecure, voide of ſeditious ſtrife.
Not one dares once moleſt me, *for his Life.*
I oft am ſent for, *Lawyer* then (bee ſe'd)
And haue *to doe,* with *Ladyes* in their bed.

Lawyer.

Be Patient *(Doctor,)* And take this from mee,
Tis not your *Grace:* like *Habite* : æquall *Fee:*

Nor Priuiledges *all*: (ſay what you can)
May make you bee, or ſeeme the better man:
I (as *Apollo*) am the God, to whome
All Countryes croutching doe for *Counſaile* come.
Iudge then my ſtate! how *Honored* I liue:
How *Liberall*: *Counſaile* vnto all I *Giue*:
How *Honeſt*, That am ſought too: free from *Hate*
When men will truſt mee with their whole eſtate.
No not the ſtatelyeſt *Lady* in the Land,
Will ſticke to put her *Caſe* into my hand:
Goe to our *Practiſe*! (for my Countries care)
I moſt am ſtirring where *Contentions* are.
You in *Infections*, and *Diſeaſes* raining,
Make out of *Others* loſſe and *Hurt*, your gaining.
I to ſuppreſſe *Deceit*, *Truth's Cauſes* vrge:
You, *Humours* to exhale, with *Gliſters* purge.
Miſtake not *Doctor* then, and you ſhall finde,
It is your *Office* for to come *behinde*.

Of 2. *Painters contending for Præeminence in their Art.* Epig. 62.

TWo *Painters* on a time at variance fell,
Which might each other in his *Art* excell.
One thinking ſtraight to end ſo vaine a ſtrife,
Pluckes forth the curious Picture of his *Wife*,
Swearing if ought of his could this ſurpaſſe,
Hee, of the *Two* the better *Artiſt* was:
The other more Learned in *Philoſophie*.
Saves *All compares muſt amongſt æqualls bee.*
Now then (if this muſt the Contention end)
You of neceſſity your *Wife* muſt lend.
Then let me preſently her with me take,
And I her Image ſhall more *Liuely* make.
Let no ſuſpition cauſe you to deny her,
Ile make it ſpeedily: And ſend it by her.
This done! The *Artiſt* cunningly did bid her,
Before him ſtand, as when her *Husband did her.*

Who ſpeedily his *Percill* forth did plucke,
And cloſe himſelfe vnto his worke betooke.
So luſtly *Her* hee fitted euery where,
She ſwore her *Husband* could not him come neere.
:No better *Iudge* then, can I *haue*, nor *Will*,
:Goe home and tell thy *Husband* of my *Skill*.
At whoſe returne the *Good-man* (fond to know)
Askt her the *Enſigne* of his *Art* to ſhow.
(Quoth ſhe) this time the *Ground* he onely laide,
It ſhall in time bee perfected (hee ſaide.)
Oft was he vrgent, (and woo'd Anſwer none,)
From day to day hee'd aske (*What ha's hee done?*)
It chanced ſo that in ſome 10. Months after,
Shee was deliuered of a goodly *Daughter*.
So like in all, to th'Mother was this *Elfe*,
That none could thought bee mother but *herſelfe*.
Which *Borne*, ſhe tooke, and to her *Man* did ſend it
Loe keere my Picture: Trie if you can mend it.

FINIS.

To the worthy Author vpon these Epigrams.

LEt me not whilst I praise an *Epigram*,
Deserue a *Satyre*: Let not me who am
As nice in praising as dispraising still,
Commend your worke as trading *Poets* will:
For then I might praise Bookes I neuer read,
Bookes senceleſſe, at least not Interpreted,
And sweare I know them good. Thus many doe
Commend and yet maintaine, their credits too:
Which, my poore Innocence hath much admir'd,
Till I perceiu'd these *Poets* who are hir'd,
In all respects are *Shop-keepers*: And they
Grow Bankroupts, if forsworne but once a day:
So these in wit grow beggerly whose sloath
Hath nothing but a Wager, or an Oath
To proue their owne or other mens desert:

And

And did not my per-vſall now conuert
My Iudgement to conſider what I praiſe:
I might (as they) approue, and many wayes
Recant hereafter: But I giue them leaue
To *Write* vpon me, when they ſhall perceiue
Such ſcorn'd Inconſtancie; and if they pleaſe
To doo't in *Epigrams*, Let them firſt learne *Theſe*.
Which if they can learne, they may truely boaſt,
They haue aduantage gotten with the moſt.

IO: STEPHENS.

THE
Third Booke of
Humours:

Intituled *Notes from* BLACK-FRYERS.

R4E

Epigram.

To his Lou: Chamber-Fellow, and neareſt Friend NAT: GVRLIN Of *Lincolnes-Inne* Gent.

(me doe?

NAT) Counſaile me! (faith!) what wod'ſt haue
My priuate *Notes* produce in publique *view*?
Tuſh! mooue me not: yet (doubtles) tis rare ſtuffe
And may Take, why not? it ſo! *Good* inough.
How ere (*Nat*) *Patronize* it, thou canſt tell,
(If ought miſlike:) I *meant*, and *wiſh* all *well*.
Then, *Good*: or *Bad*: heer (*Sirs*!) on liking take it:
If *Good*, 'tis I: If *Bad*: 'tis you that make it.

Notes from Black-Fryers.

(brace!

WHat (*friend Philemo*) let me thy corpes Im-
So jumpe met in this vnfrequented place?
Then, faith l'lets Frolique't: pre'thee whats ỹ *Play?*
(The firſt I viſited this twelue monthes day.)
(They ſay) *A new Inuented Toy of* Purle
That ieoparded his Necke, to ſteale a Girle
Of 12: And (lying faſt impounded for't)
Hath ſither ſent his Beard, to Act his part.
Againſt all thoſe in open Malice bent,
That would not freely to the Theft conſent.
Faines all to's wiſh, and in the Epilogue,
Goes out applauded for a famous ——)

Now

Now hang me if I did not looke at firſt,
For ſome ſuch ſtuffe by the fond peoples thruſt.
Then ſtay! Ile ſee't, and ſit it out (what ere)
Had I at comming forth tooke a *Gliſter*:
Had *Fate* fore-read me in a *Croude* to dye:
To bee made *Adder*-deafe with *Pippin*-crye.
Come, let's bethink our ſelues what may be found:
To deceiue *Time* with, till the ſecond ſound:
Out with theſe *matches* fore-runners of Smoake,
This *Indian paſtime* I could neuer brooke.

SEe (*Capraine Martio*) he ith' *Renounce me* Band,
That in the middle Region doth ſtand
Woth' reputation ſteele! Faith! lets remoue,
Into his *Ranke*, (if ſuch diſcourſe you Loue)
Hee'l tell of *Baſilisks*, *Trenches*, *Retires*:
Of *Pallizadoes*, *Parapets*, *Frontires*:

Of *Culuerins*, and *Baricadoes* too:
What to bee *Harquebazerd*: to lye in *Perdue*:
How many men a *Souldier* ought to ſlay
For a *Lieutenant-ſhip*: or Twelue month *Pay*.
He'l read a Lecture (by his skill exceeding)
O *Reputation*: when it lyes a *Bleeding*:
When *Tutcht*: when Ingaged: when *quite Dead*,
: *How none may euer Fight once Baffled*.
What *ſatisfaction for the Lye*: and when
Quarrels are *mortall*: when *Seconds may come in*.
Then of the *Nether-lands*! what *Paſſes* there:
What ſtout *Performances*: wherein hee'l ſweare
As many weekely fall but for the *Lye*,
As did in horteſt time of *Sickneſſe* dye.
Laſt for his *Manhood*: how in furie (croſt)
For a falſe reckoning once he ſlew his *Hoſt*.
And late in *England*, (ſince his comming o're)
Into the *Channell* flung an *Oyſter*-whoore.

For taking th'wall of him: ſeeme but to doubt
(The leaſt) of theſe: ſtraight he will plucke ye out
Handfuls of *Reputation*: gain'd of thoſe
That dared not his *Valour* counterpoſe.
But wronging him: and *call'd to account* for't
In *Satisfaction* from their *Hands woo'd part*.
Which he puts vp, and glorioufly puts forth
In Ordinaries to proclaime his *worth*,
Thinking to get (what common ſence denyes)
Credit: by *Pocketting vp Iniuryes*.
Then *Learne* of him, he'l teach you how yee might
Be counted *Valiant*, and neuer *Fight*.

LOok next to him to, *One* we both know well,
(Sir I*land Hunt*) a Trauailer that will tell
Of ſtranger Things then *Tatterd Tom* ere li't of,
Then *Pliny*, or *Herodtus* e're writ of:
How he a remnant lately brought with him

Of *Iacobs Ladder* from *Ierusalem*:
At the *Barmodies* how the Fishes fly.
Of Lands inriched by a *Lottery*.
Of *Affricke*, *Aegypt*: with strange Monsters filld,
Such as nere *Noahs Arke*: nere *Eden* held.
And rarer *Rarities*, then all of these:
Iust now to bee discouered (if yee please!)
Such as woo'd make a Blind-man fond to see:
Convicted Gallants loose their hopes and flie,
Most younger *Brothers* sell their Lands to buy,
Guyanian Plumes: like *Icarus* to fly.

BVt stay! see heere (but newly Entred,)
A *Cheapside* Dame, by th'Tittle on her head!
Plot (Villain!) plot! Let's lay our heads together!
We may deuise perchance to get her hither.
(If wee to-gether cunniningly compact)
Shee'l holde vs dooing till the Latter *Act*.

And (on my life) Inuite vs Supper home,
Wee'l thruſt hard for it but wee'l finde her rome,
Heer *Mis*–(pox ont! ſhe's paſt, ſhe'l not come ere,
Sure ſhee's beſpoken for a box before.

KNoweſt thou yon world of faſhions now
In *Turkie* colours carued to the skin. (comes in
Mounted *Pelonianly* vntill hee reeles,
That ſcornes (ſo much) *plaine dealing* at his heeles.
His Boote ſpeakes *Spaniſh* to his *Scottiſh* Spurres,
His Sute cut *Frenchly*, round beſtucke with Burres.
Pure *Holland* is his Shirt, which proudly faire,
Seemes to out-face his *Doublet* euery where,
His Haire like to your *Mour's* or *Iriſh* Lockes,
His chiefeſt Dyet, *Indian* minced Dockes.
What Countrey *may-game* might wee this ſuppoſe,
Sure one woo'd thinke a *Roman* by his *Noſe*.

No!

No! In his *Habite* better vnderſtand,
Hee is of *England* by his *Yellow Band*.

NOw *Mars* defend vs! ſeeſt thou who comes (yonder?
Monſtrous! A *Woman* of the *maſculine Gender*.
Looke! thou mayſt well deſcry her by her groath,
But, point not man! Leaſt wee be beaten both.
Eye her a little, marke but where ſhee'l goe,
Now (by this hand) into the Gallants Roe.
Let her alone! What ere ſhe giues to ſtand,
Shee'l make her ſelfe a gayner, *By the Hand*.

WHat think'ſt thou of yon plumed *Dandebrat*,
Yon Ladyes *Shittle-cocke*, *Egyptian Rat*:
Yon *Musk-ball*, *Milke-ſop*: yon *French Sincopace*:
That Vſhers in, with a *Coranto* grace.

Yon *Gilded March-pane* : yon *Ali Verdingall*,
This is the *Puppet*, which the Ladyes all
Send for of purpoſe and ſolicite ſo
To *daunce* with them. *Pray (Sir) a ſtep or two.*
A *Galliard* or a *Iigg*: Pox ont! cryes hee,
That ere I knew this Toyling *faculty*.
Yet marke! No ſooner ſhall the *Cornets* blow,
But ye ſhall haue him skipping too and fro.

A Stoole and Cuſhion! Enter *Tiſſue ſlop*!
Vengeance! I know him well, did he not drop
Out of the *Tyring-houſe*? Then how (the duſe)
Comes the miſhapen *Prodigall* ſo ſpruſe,
His year's *Reuenewes* (I dare ſtand vnto't,)
Is not of *worth* to purchaſe ſuch a *Sute*.
Tuſh! is it now to queſtion *Gallantry*,
When *No-land* for a rich *Gratuity*,

May Scale as deepe as can *Auaro's* Heire,
That may *diſpend* fiue hundred a yeare?
When *Tradeſmen* take by whole ſale all they can,
Venting it *out*, on *day*, to any Man.
And then themſelues for Twelu-pence in ỹ pound,
Will in the payment of the Debt be bound
And eſcape free by *Breaking*. This an age
To feare preferment? When a Raſcall *Page*
An *Abiect* outſide ſhall preſume to Woe
Rich bruted *(Caſhia:)* and hope better too,
Then hee that of the *Of-ſcums* of his *Braine*,
Can a man better then the (Vice) maintaine.
(Tut! 'tis the *Mothers* plot! Now ſhe ſhall ſee
The *Court* ſometimes! Oh *Carnall Pollicy!*)
Then who in *Studdy* woo'd ſpend Time in vaine?
Omit youth's pleaſures for a fruitleſſe paine?
Or for an Ayrie puffe of Enuy'd *Praiſe*,
Liue bound to th' *Good-behauiour* all his dayes.

Hang't! Let's be *Ioniall*! *Braue* it whilſt we can!
Whats *Coyne* ordain'd for, but the vſe of *Man*?
To Borrow is a *Vertue*, when to Lend,
Is to beget an euerlaſting freind:
And may a man haue more ſaid in his grace,
Then to bee *Credited* in euery place?
Hee's not a Gentleman I dare maintaine,
Whoſe *Word* runnes not as Current as his *Coyne*.
A Pipe heere (Sirra) no *Sophiſtocate*.
(Villain) the *beſt*: what ere you *prize* it at.
Tell yonder Lady, with the *Yellow fan*,
I ſhall be proude to *Vſher* her anon:
My Coach ſtands ready. Lord how me thinkes I
To carue the inſide of a dry'd *Neats-tong*. (long!
England cannot afford a kinder reliſh,
For Backragg, *Deale*, or your more pleaſing *Reniſh*
When ſhall we make a pleaſant cut to *Douer*,
In a mad merry *Humor*? And ſend ouer?

A Laugh ſhall rouz the Hage: ſhake *Leſbon walls*:
And raiſe in Armes the fearfull *Portugalls*.
Say Gallants (faith) ſhall's neuer ſee the day,
When wee ſhall *Fiſh-ſtreet* once againe ſuruey.
A butterd *Crab* or *Lobſters* leg to get,
O Venus! How a Life I ſauour it?
Who woo'd not all his Land ſpend had hee more,
Then in a day a *Kite* could hoouer ore.
T'inioy the pleaſant *Harmony* that wee
Finde in this *Microcoſme*, Man's ſocietie.
When all is gone, tis weakneſſe to diſpaire,
Are there not wealthy *Widdowes* eu'ry where.
Ambitious Sick, woo'd part from all their *Good*,
To crowne their latter dayes with a *French-hood*?
Are there not *Pates*, in ſtrange diſcoueries teaching
where mountains are of *Gold*? s'fut, tis but fetching!
Twenty ſuch *Fetches* hath the (Sharke) to moue
Gallants of the firſt *Head*, but to approue

His ſwaggering *Humor*, vowes that all he ſpends,
He getteth brauely by his *Fingers ends.*
There's not a *Cheapſide* Mercer (if he looke)
That will not ſweare to't deeply on his booke.
No notes *No ary* in *Cornwell* row,
But is ſubſcribed *Witneſſe* there too.
Silkmen. Haberdaſhers. Tradeſmen all:
Inamor'd on him, for his Cuſtome call,
And he takes *all* of them But woe to him
If he bee *taken* but by *one* of *Them.*

: *W'Ant* it for Women wo̲e ſhu'd all be men.
I cannot preſent better inſtance, then
In yon Spruſe *Coxcombe*, yon Affecting *Aſſe*,
That neuer walkes without his *Looking-glaſſe*,
In a *Tobacco* box, or *Diall* ſet,
That he may priuately conferre with it.

How his *Band* jumpeth with his *Peccadilly*,
Whether his Band ſtrings ballance equally:
Which way his *Feather* wagg's: And (to ſay truth)
What wordes in vtterance beſt become his mouth.
Oh! Hadſt thou yeſterday beheld the *Valour*
I ſaw him exerciſing on his *Taylour*.
How, *out of meaſure*, hee the Raſcall beat,
Not fitting to his *minde* his Doublet.
Lord! how I laught to ſee the witleſſe Noddy,
Durſt not reply, he meant it to his *Body*.
See Villain, Rogue! (And in he ſhrinks his breſt)
Oh Heauens! Too wide a handfull at the leaſt,
Straight it is Cut! And then proues (being try'd)
As much too little on the other ſide.
But what skil't! Hee'l haue an attractiue *Lace*,
And *Whalebone-bodyes*, for the better grace.
Ad nit ſpare *dyet*, on no ſuſtnance feed,
But *Oatmeale*, *Milke*, and crums of *Barly-bread*.

Vſe Exerciſe vntill at laſt hee fit:
(With much adoe) his Body vnto it.
Hee'l not approach a *Tauerne*, no nor drinke ye
To ſaue his life *Hot-water*, (wherefore thinke ye,)
For heating's *Liuer*! Which ſome may ſuppoſe
Scalding hote, by the *Bubbles* on his *Noſe*.
Hee'l put vp any *publique* foule diſgrace,
Rather then hazzard cutting of his *Face*.
If in his Element you'd haue the (*Foole*!)
Aske him when he came from the *Dauncing-ſchoole*
Whereas much *Leather* he doth dayly waſte
In the French *Cringe*, which *Ieremy* brought laſt.
And more, then *Coriat* (I dare maintaine)
In going to the *Alpes* and backe againe.
Whereof, that all the world may notice take,
See! euery ſtep an *Honor* hee doth make
That Ladyes, may *denote* him with their *Fan*,
As he goes by, with a *Lo: Hee's the man*.

Notes from Black-fryers.

I S't not a thing to bee admired at
That any man ſhould *Sing* himſelfe in debt.
Then who'd not giue as willingly a groate,
To heare (*Fantaſticks*) admirable note?
: As ſee a *Mandrake*, or a *Sea-monſter*:
: *Edwards blade*: with the *Tombes* at *Weſtminſter*.
The *Eagle* at the *Tower*: St. *Iames's Rarityes*:
The *Eſtrich*, or *Beauer*, that woo'd worrey Trees?
(Amorous *Fantaſticks*) that did neuer ayme at
A ſmaller *Riſe*, then *Ela* in the *Gamat*.
That ne're conuerſed but with men of *Note*,
Your Crotchet *Pate*, and your *Organick Throat*.
Neuer *Ambitious* more then to be able,
But to attaine vnto a Chamber *Treble*.
Wondrous proficient! See how the Gentlewomen
Throng to his *Chamber doore*, but dare not come in,
Why? leaſt he *rauiſh* them! Tuſh! Laugh ye not,
H'as done (I woſſe) as great exploites as that.

(Or

(Or elſe he cracks) the ſweetneſſe of his voyce
Ore-heard of Ladyes, hath procur'd him choyſe
Of *Matches*: Noble, Rich: but hee'l not meddle,
And why (I pray?) for cracking of his *Treble*.
No! hee'l with better induſtry make tryall,
If hee can *Match* his Treble to the *Viol*.
Gainſt when, hee hath proclaim'd throughout the (Citty,
To *All your Witts*, an Angell for a Ditty:
Faith! was he heere wee'd bargain for a *Rime*,
And heere he comes. So truely he keepes Time.

BVt h'ſt! with him Crabbed *(Webſterio)* *(ho—*
The *Play-wright*, *Cart-wright*: whether? either!
No further. Looke as yee'd bee look't into:
Sit as ye woo'd be *Read*: *Lord*! who woo'd know
Was euer man ſo mangl'd with a *Poem?* (him?
See how he drawes his mouth awry of late,

How he ſcrubs : wrings his wreſts : ſcratches his
A *Midwife*! helpe! By his *Braines coitus*, (Pate.
Some *Centaure* ſtrange : ſome huge *Bucephalus*,
Or *Pallas* (ſure) ingendred in his *Braine*,
Strike *Vulcan* with thy hammer once againe.

This is the *Crittick* that (of all the reſt)
I'de not haue view mee, yet I feare him leaſt,
Heer's not a word *curſiuely* I haue *Writ*,
But hee'l *Induſtriouſly* examine it.
And in ſome 12. monthes hence (or there *about*)
Set in a ſhamefull ſheete, my errors *out*.
But what care I it *will* be ſo obſcure,
That none ſhall vnderſtand him (I am ſure.)

Others may chance (that know me not a right,)
Report (iniuriouſly) all my delight,
And ſtrength of ſtuddy I doe wholly bend

To this *Losse-labour* and no other end.
To these I wish my scandal'd *Muse* reply
In as plaine tearmes as may bee' *Tis a lye.*
Heer's but *Pate-pastime: Play-house Obseruation,*
Fruits of the vacants howers of a *Vacation.*
Then (say all what they can) I am sure of this,
That for *Play-time* it is not spent amisse.

Semel insaniuimus omnes.
Once wee haue all
Beene Iouiall.

FINIS

To his worthy Friend, H.F.

vpon his *Notes from*
BLACK-FRYERS.

HAd the *Black-Fryers* beene ſtill vn-ſuppreſſd,
I cannot thinke their Cloyſters had bin bleſſd
With better contemplations: Seeing now
Leſſe may be gleand from *Puritanes* then you
Haue gathered from the *Play-houſe*. And I muſt
(Though't bee a *Players* vice to be vniuſt,
To Verſe not yeelding coyne) let *Players* know
They cannot recompence your labour: Though
Theygrace you with a Chayre vpon the Stage,
And take no money of you nor your Page.
For now the *Humours* which oppreſſe *Playes* moſt,
Shall (if the owners can feele ſhame) be loſt:
And when they ſo conuerted doe allow,
What they diſlik'd once, *Players* muſt thanke you,

And

And *Poets* too: for both of them will saue
Much in true Verse, which hisses might depraue:
Since you haue so refin'd their Audience,
That now good *Playes* will neuer neede defence.

IO: STEPHENS.

Epilogue.

The Author for Himſelfe.

I *Am no Poet!* (yet I doe not know
Why I ſhould not: or why I ſhould be ſo.)
I can (I muſt confeſſe) a *Metre* ſcan:
And Iudge of *Verſes* as an other man.
I haue been Trayn'd vp'mongſt the *Muſes*: (more!)
The ſacred Name of *Phabus* I adore.

Epilogue.

Yet *I no Poet am* !(I'de haue ye know)

I am no Poet (as the world goes now.)

: My *Muſe* cannot a *Note* ſo poorly frame,

: As Inuocate a *Penny-Patrons* name.

: I cannot ſpeake and vnſpeake (as I liſt :)

: Exchange a *ſound* friend for a *broken* Ieſt :

: Conferre with *Fountaines* : or conuerſe with *Trees*,

: Admit in my diſcourſe *Hyperbolyes*.

I can-

Epilogue.

I cannot highly praiſe *Thoſe* higheſt are
Becauſe they ſit in *Honours* loſty chayre.
Nor make their States in *Sonnets* happy knowne,
Being (perchance) leſſe happy then mine owne.
I cannot ſing my *Miſtris ſhee* is *Faire*:
Tell her of her Lilly *Hand*: her golden *Haire*,
Fetch a Compariſon (beyond the *Moone*,)
To proue her conſtant in *Affection*.

Epilogue.

: I dare not *Her* ſo much as *Louely* call :
: Or ſay I haue a *Miſtris* at all.
: Why? Ere too morrow, ſhe will changed bee :
: And leaue me laught at for my *Poetry*.
Had I of *Scoggins* Crowes writ : or ſet out
In *Womans* Praiſes what I was about.
I am perſwaded (yet I cannot tell)
I had a *Poet* prou'd againſt my will.

Yet

Epilogue.

Yet (ye vnproued good) blame not becauſe
yet as (doubtfull on your merits) pauſe.
I will produce and *Patronize* it too:
Finde I but one amongſt ſo many true.
But *Faine* I cannot, heere is not a word,
Which I dare not maintaine true with my ſword.
Poets men *Lyers* call. If ſo! Then (know it)
Hee is a *Poet*, doth mee call a *Poet*.



Poſt-ſcript to his Book-binder.

S*Tationer*) A *Good turne* to thee I owe:
Heere! I will pay thee now in *Folio*.
But ſtay! Not ſoe: that I woo'd haue thee put
Mee in the *Folio*: or the *Quarto cut*.
Rather continue mee to the *Smalleſt ſize*,
Leaſt I bee eaten vnder *Pippin-pyes*.
Or in th' *Apothicaryes* ſhop bee ſeene
To wrap *Drugg's*: or to dry *Tobacco* in.
Firſt (might I chuſe) I would be *bound* to wipe,
Where he diſcharged laſt his *Gliſter-pipe*.

Poſt-ſcript.

The *Character* I care not, *Great*, or *Small*,
So I bee plainly vnderſtood of all.
Onely preſerue mee from the ſight of *Thoſe*,
That cannot but muſt *Read* me in the *Noſe*.
Then care to caſt mee: not ith' *Learned Roe*,
Leaſt I the *Learned* cenſure vndergoe.
Nor lay me with ſcald *Poets* leaſt I titch,
And ſo become infected with *Their* itch.
Let not each *Peſant*, each *Mecannick Aſſe*,
That neer knew further then his *Horn-booke* croſſe.
Each rauin-*Ruſticke*: each illiterate *Gull*:
Buy of my *Poeſie*, by pocket full.
Bookes like *made-Diſhes* may for *Daintyes* goe,
Yet will not euery *pallate* taſte 'em ſo:

Poſt-ſcript.

Then were it good, I ſhould inioyne the *Sell.*
Mee vnto none but thoſe that loue me well.
If any Puff-paſte, Bumbaſte *Iobernole*,
Wrapt in the Hangings of a *Brokers-ſtall.*
A halfe-*Noſe*: or a Carbonado'd face:
Of a ſuſpitious ſubtill Serpents pace.
Truſt to a *Basket-hilt*; chances to drop,
But for a *Reſting*-roome into thy ſhop.
And catches in his fatall hand my *Rime.*
To lurke in it, vntill hee ſee his *Time.*
Thruſt him out head-long, for (beleiue him not)
Now (by the *Mace*) it is a *Counter*-plot.
If thou behold a Courtcaſt *Satten*-ſhow,
Fallen from the Faſhion a Degree or two.

Post-Script.

One as goes purueying vp and downe for *Tales*,
To lett his hungry stomacke into *meales*.
That with a merry pocket-*Pamphlet* will,
For a weeke after Laugh his *Belly full*.
Send him to Sojourne with Duke *Humfrey*,
Let him starue ere hee get a bitt of mee.
Leaſt lying *(Read)* neglected in his *Slop*,
I bee conueyed vnto the *Brokers*-shop.
Or by his theeuish *Page* discouered:
Quickly conuerted into *Ginger-bread*.
If any *Younger Brother*, that noe more
Hath then a Daggle-tayl'd *Sheep-skin* kept in store:
Whose Annuall fleece will but bare meanes afford,
And with the *Ecber* of his Brothers bord.

Poſt-ſcript.

That ſits a *Ledger* at his Fathers Table:
My *Booke* woo'd fondly purchaſe: (hardly able,)
To win, the preſence by the Fiers ſide,
Of Mrs. *Sis*, or *Sue* the Dary-maide.
Or chooke the *Ruſticke* Leather-lobs with laughter
Bid him goe ſtuddy how to liue hereafter:
Read where more ſollid ſubſtance hee may get
To *Liue* vpon, or learne to goe in *Debt*.
Ye, ye, *Braue Gallants*: *Patrons* of liuely mirth:
Ye, the young hopefull *Land-Lords* of the Earth:
The youth of youth! That read moſt liberally,
More out of *Paſtime* then *neceſſity*.
Yee worthy Worthyes! None elſs (might I chuſe)
Doe I deſire my Poeſie *peruſe*.

For

Poſt-ſcript.

For to ſaue charges: ere the *Playes* begin:
Or when the Lord of *Libertie* comes in.
And if a *Booke* muſt needs a *Patron* haue,
Yours is the onely Patronage I craue.
Others I wiſh the *Stationer* fore-warne,
With a *Hand's off*: *It is not for your turne.*

FINIS.

BRITISH
11 JY 191
MUSEUM

Errors in the Printing.

Ye *pro* your, *Folio* 2.
Rome for halfe, *pro* Rome for ſome halfe: } *Satyr* 1.
Eire-word, *pro* Er'e-word.
Non *pro* not.

Demoritus pro *Democritus*,
So *pro* too. } *Satyr* 2.
Scone pro *Sconce*.
Longey pro *Congey*.

Whol't *pro* whole. *Epig.* 54.
Læco pro *Cæco*. in aliquibus. *Epig.* 55.

Puts *pro* Pull's. *Lib*: 3. page 6.
Yee *pro* you.